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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Both Ministerialists and Opposition seem to be quite pleased with themselves for their session's work. This may be the good temper that springs from the morning of a holiday. But to an onlooker it is humorous to find two parties equally satisfied, neither of whom can have done well unless the other has done badly. Opposition and Government cannot both have cause to rejoice unless both entered the field expecting to be soundly thrashed. Yet the King's Speech at opening did not suggest this modest attitude on the Government's part, and the difference between the realised Acts and the great expectations make one wonder what the Ministerial success can be. Are they rejoicing because the burden of sheaves they have to carry with them is so light? For the main fact of the session, no matter how good a face the Government may put upon it, is that the legislative *pièce de résistance* not only missed but was thrown back contemptuously in Ministers' faces by the very people it was to conciliate and benefit.

The breach between the Irish Nationalists and the Government—a rift now widening to a great gulf—is from the party view the most significant point in the session, though there is deeper significance in the first election to the House of Commons of a pure and simple socialist. There have been members of socialist views before Mr. Grayson, but none of them has been elected purely as a socialist. They have been accepted by Liberals or Labour for want of a better. But Mr. Grayson was elected precisely because he was a socialist, in the face—a very wry face—of the Liberals. Of the debates the most memorable—not for its eloquence but for consequences—is the New Hebrides night. That debate will be prominent all

through the next election. Chinese labour served the Liberal purpose last time: Kanaka labour will serve the Unionists next. The debate on the Lords was quite full-dress but paled in the expectation of the real thing—the Bill to come. Nobody marked the resolution.

The Prime Minister's personality has certainly grown on the House. Everyone likes him; his bonhomie is a solvent of many difficulties which the Liberal party without him, it seems, could not get over. He has kept his Cabinet together and no one else could—a greater man would almost certainly have failed. The Great Chief on the other side led off with a most brilliant sally—it took the whole House; and the Liberal freshmen realised what Arthur Balfour was. Mr. Balfour has never spoken better than he has this session. He remains the fine flower of parliamentary intellect—he has no second; and only Lord Rosebery matches him in the Lords. Mr. Balfour's intellectuality rarefies the air of politics. We rejoice in it, but we are not the less aware that most men cannot breathe a highly rarefied air; and political humanity perhaps likes a thicker air than others. Lord Lansdowne has led the Opposition in the Lords with skill and with a very fine restraint.

Sir Edward Grey remains the reserve force of the Ministry. But Mr. Haldane quite comes out top, seeing through Parliament—he saw it through in the Lords even more than in his own House—the only big Bill passed this session. Mr. Asquith made a correct and businesslike Budget speech: in striking contrast to his habit—unfortunately growing on him—of piling elaborate rhetoric on the most ordinary points. It suggests a Nasmyth hammer on a nut or an elephant on a tub. Mr. Lloyd-George is plainly getting on; when off party business—in the actor's sense—he tackles his subject with hard common-sense; and his opponents are getting to like him. Poor Mr. Birrell: he obviously is the butt of the gods. And Mr. McKenna has signalled himself, by—but the session is over. Let us shake hands and part. We shall meet at Philippi.

Amongst the private members the average Ministerialist is, on the whole, a more competent debater—

we should be very sorry to say a more competent man—than the average Unionist. But the Opposition second line is above the average of the House; it could be made into a very effective group. Indeed, it has done quite remarkable things already. Ministers will not despise its power to give trouble. Lord Balcarras rapidly grows in importance. He has everything, and he may be anything. Lord Robert Cecil has improved on a good start, though this session has, of course, not given him as many opportunities as last. Lord Helmsley is clever and ready. Lord Turnour, Lord Edmund Talbot, Mr. Bridgeman, Mr. Cave, Mr. Claude Hay, Mr. Evelyn Cecil, and Mr. Rawlinson have all borne the brunt of opposition—night and day—valiantly. Mr. Churchill, we forgot to mention, has put to his credit another sticking phrase—"gingering" local authorities.

The Evicted Tenants Bill has passed into law, and nobody believed Mr. Birrell's declaration that he had quite lost interest in his only addition to the Statute Book. The Lords have limited the number of beneficiaries to two thousand, though the Government was apparently much annoyed when the Peers insisted on taking the Irish Estates Commissioners at their word and laying down a definite figure high enough to include all genuine claims. With a very bad grace Mr. Birrell has consented to an amendment which will prevent the Act from being a measure for the compulsory eviction of honest tenants. But landlords have not gained much by the compromise: the value of the appeal now allowed is problematical. We have not noticed that any Liberal is honest enough to admit the indubitable fact that the House of Lords has given way on points which directly affect landowners, while insisting on securing fair play for an unpopular section of capable tenant-farmers.

Elimination from the Bill of its more flagrantly unjust provisions will disappoint agrarian extremists, and with these worthies Mr. Redmond has to set himself right. The grazier question is the real agrarian difficulty in Ireland, and the claims of the evicted tenants do not greatly affect this question. But if the wire-pullers of the United Irish League (whom Mr. Redmond always obeys) can make a demonstration in Parliament about the evicted tenants (which is much easier than giving these poor wretches an allowance from the party funds), and at the same time foment the anti-grazier movement in the country, they see some chance of posing with success as the only champions of the peasantry. The Sinn Féin movement aims at uniting all classes and sections of Irishmen in the demand for independence: the United Irish League exists only to set class against class in order that demagogues may flourish. The situation demands a firm man and a straight man at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. And Mr. Birrell chooses to give a very strong hint to the Irish peasantry to justify his jettisoned clauses by making life unpleasant to the "planters"!

The cattle-driving business is at last recognised by the Government to be so serious that extensive prosecutions have been instituted in Longford. It is a pity that the session ended too soon for Mr. Birrell to work off some appropriate tags from "The Deserted Village" in connexion with these acts of tyranny in Oliver Goldsmith's county. The Government have discovered an Act of William IV. which, they hope, may enable them to discharge the primary duty of keeping order. There are certain Acts of Victoria which would be much more effectual if put into force. But your Liberal is generally a reactionary in moments of difficulty.

Thanks to the Lords, the Deceased Wife's Sister Act is not quite so bad as the Bill, since a clergyman of the Church of England will now not be under even a secular obligation to lend his church for one of these marriages. This means in effect that those who want to marry their dead wife's sister (possibly, sisters, in a succession) will seek in vain to be married in church or with the Church rite. The opportunity of a few black sheep, usually not incumbents, amongst the clergy will

be reduced almost to nil. Also any incumbent who should marry his deceased wife's sister, a remote hypothesis, will have to take his chance of losing his benefice. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have already published letters deprecating the clergy allowing these marriages to take place in their churches. Now that the Bill is passed we propose to all the parties whom the Act turns into husbands and wives that they should have a dinner at the Ritz to celebrate their whitewashing.

Lord Robertson and Lord Atkinson can ignore the censures of Mr. Haldane or Mr. Swift MacNeill and the Radical newspapers for their speeches on the Scottish and Irish Land Bills. Mr. Haldane lectures them on the impropriety of making political speeches, as they hold judicial office. Mr. MacNeill, a noted discoverer of legal mares'-nests, seems to go further and to hold that as Lords of Appeal in Ordinary they have no right to make speeches at all. Their real objection, we imagine, is that Lord Atkinson and Lord Robertson make remarkably good speeches; and it would be ridiculous if the two lawyers in the House who know most about the land laws of their respective countries should be muzzled because they vex the Radicals. There is no more reason why they should be silent than that the Lord Chancellor should be; but except for that little difference about the Justices of the Peace we have not heard that the Radicals object to Lord Loreburn's speeches. Until they do they might leave Lord Atkinson and Lord Robertson alone.

Lord Milner made a strong protest against the Transvaal loan when it came up for discussion in the Lords on Tuesday. No man can judge better than he of the capacity of the colony to carry this added burden of debt. The comparison he drew out between the present value of the leading Transvaal mining securities and their value a year and a half ago is painfully convincing. It is this moment, when the principal and only immediate asset of the colony has sunk to half the value it stood at eighteen months since, that the Imperial Government chooses to encourage the colony to add to its indebtedness by guaranteeing a further loan of five millions, dead against the wishes of exactly the portion of the population who will have to bear the burden. Mr. Asquith has admitted that loans to self-governing colonies are excusable only in quite exceptional circumstances—one of these extenuating circumstances evidently is the exceptional inability of the colony to bear any extra debt. Lord Elgin discreetly did not see that any object would be served by his attempting to answer Lord Milner. In other words Lord Milner silenced Lord Elgin as Lord Rosebery the other day silenced the whole Liberal contingent of Peers.

The Royal Commission on Indian affairs is to be confined strictly to the question of decentralisation as between the Government of India and the Provincial Governments and as between the latter and their subordinate authorities. Mr. Morley has firmly rejected the larger inquisition which would practically have placed the Indian Government on its trial before a mixed tribunal, with certain loss of prestige whatever happened. The inquiry, as limited, has not come before it was wanted, and there is a possibility of a result. The constitution of the Commission however is open to some criticism. With two members from Bombay there is no representative of the Northern Provinces—the most important in India. Eminently qualified persons could be found, notably the late Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, whose personal qualities have kept them free from the general unrest. Mr. Dutt has presumably been selected as one of the less violent of a class who denounce the Government to which they owe everything. He is a voluminous writer whose appointment would be more intelligible if one of the purposes of the Commission were statistical accuracy.

Another week has been spent at the Hague in inconclusive talk. The latest news is that the existence of the permanent Court of Arbitration is in jeopardy. If it succumbs in the struggle we shall not mourn its



disappearance from the programme, for we have always maintained that a particular tribunal would answer much better than a general and permanent one. The difficulties inherent in trying to induce the whole world to agree on compulsory subjects for arbitration always appeared too formidable to be overcome successfully. The prospect of failure is laid at the door of the Germans, but, as we have pointed out before, you cannot score both off the Prime Minister and the Germans. Not even the English politician is so illogical as to argue "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposal was absurd, but the wicked Germans have rendered it abortive".

This week Bulgaria celebrates the twentieth anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's accession, and this is evidently no mere formality. Prince Ferdinand has maintained himself in a most difficult position with tact and firmness. It is almost forgotten now that though he accepted the position to which he was elected twenty years ago, yet he only secured the Great Powers' confirmation of his election by Turkey in 1896. Russia indeed maintained for years that she had a right to nominate the Bulgarian ruler, but this assumption was resolutely resisted, and the Prince has now established his right and also given proof of his capacity in every direction. The congratulatory telegram from the Austrian Kaiser is clear evidence of his tact and discretion in steering a difficult course. He has also secured the Roumanian Alliance.

Of course it is not possible for any ruler of Bulgaria to exercise complete control over the bands which infest Macedonia. It says a good deal for Prince Ferdinand that he has been able to prevent any open hostilities on the part of his people. But he has managed to impress the world with a sense of his own moderation which will go a long way towards recommending Bulgarian claims in Macedonia. The Bulgars, with many faults, are an industrious and self-reliant race with great capacities for hard work. They have an army, all told, of 375,000, which is enormous considering the small population, 4,750,000, and this army is well drilled and equipped and particularly strong in musketry. If they would eliminate assassination as a recognised move in the political game, they would be worthy of active sympathy.

The French Ministry has at length agreed to give General Drude as many men as he wants, but will not go the length of allowing him a free hand. He will have now under his orders apparently about four thousand men, but it is very doubtful whether that will allow him to make counter-attacks, even if the Ministry approve, which they do not appear likely to do. The watchword is to be still the mandate of Algeciras and not a step beyond. The mandate was however hardly designed to meet existing conditions in Morocco. From the latest accounts of severe fighting at Casablanca on Wednesday and Thursday the French troops there appear to have had enough to do to hold their own against renewed Moorish attacks. The tribes are assembling around Casablanca in great numbers, more than twelve thousand holding positions in the neighbourhood.

Meanwhile Mulai Hafid seems to be making good progress. As for the lawful Sultan, no one knows whether he is alive or dead; so to allocate the titles of king and pretender is not easy. So far as protestations serve, Mulai will be "the mildest Sultan going", but he is hardly his own master. It suits his book to attribute the disturbance at Casablanca to the existing misgovernment. But when he gets an army behind him, he may find himself at once its commander and its servant. The tribes he gathers together may demand to be led against the infidel. If so, and if he adopts wise tactics, he may make things extremely unpleasant for the French. Our own position is not altogether pleasant, for our subjects at Tangier have been demanding a British warship. No one, in fact, feels confident in the capacity of France to protect European interests. A bolder front might serve her better. She should try to look as if she liked it.

One unhappy result of the persecution and scattering of the religious orders in France is seen to-day in

Morocco. It is very clear from the accounts received that the French have been in straits for want of nurses. The services of foreign volunteer nurses have been necessary in a comparatively petty campaign, the numbers engaged being very few. This shows that the French army is at present without an organised staff of nurses. How does this happen in an army which is generally understood to be now very carefully organised, even to details? The explanation is simple. The nursing has always been done by sisters of the religious orders, many of them ladies of high rank. But these have been turned out into the street by the French Government and scattered to all parts. And there is none to take their place. No doubt by the attraction of pay the War Minister will organise a nursing body in the end; but in the meantime the army in Morocco suffers.

Frenchmen must have read with alarm the report by M. Monis on the investigations of the Commission into the cause of the explosion on the *Iéna* last March. The importance of the report consists more in its strictures on the general condition of the French navy than in its finding as to the specific cause of the explosion. As to this, it is stated that it was caused by the spontaneous combustion of "B" powder placed in a magazine underneath the dynamo compartment, where the temperature is always very high. The "B" powder magazine was connected with the black powder magazine, and the combustion spread from one to the other. This defect in construction is commented on severely, and the report declares that the naval authorities, when confronted with the consequences, endeavour merely to furnish an official defence in the interests of the contractors. The army is said to control its powder factories in the minutest details, but the navy has no other anxiety than to protect its powder and saltpetre from disquieting reports and inspection.

All that has been surmised or asserted as to the disorganisation and enfeeblement of the navy is borne out by the report. The Commissioners say they have met with nothing but antagonisms and divisions in the Navy, and that administrative anarchy reigns in the organisation. Naval contractors, engineers, and combatant officers act in complete independence of each other. There is no superior authority to unite them in co-ordinated action. The growing enfeeblement of the naval forces is stated as a fact: "the heartrending inefficiency of the central power" as the cause. "It is the system of irresponsibility and general indifference that leads to disasters such as that of the *Iéna*, and will bring more in its train." This prophecy would naturally be fulfilled in a state of things so described. The Commissioners call on France to swear to re-establish authority, discipline, vigilance and responsibility. Does France still retain the virtue to make the oath if taken effective?

It does not require the grasp of a Stubbs or a Mommsen to gauge the value of the historical evidence adduced by M. Laur to support his story about Bismarck and Gambetta. In fact it looks now most suspiciously like another faux pas made by the "Times" in pursuit of a holiday sensation. The cumulative testimony against the meeting ever having taken place at all was practically conclusive before, and now we have the direct statement of Bismarck himself brought into court by Dr. Kohl, who supervised the publication of the letters of Bismarck and Count Henckel, to the effect that no meeting ever took place. We can commend the skill of M. Laur, who wove out of the exiguous material he possessed so portentous a story, but we cannot say much for the critical capacity which allowed it to go forth to the world with the imprimatur of the "Times".

Everyone must regret the death of the lancer who was killed in the accident at the cavalry manoeuvres. We regret it as we regret a miner's death in a pit explosion, a platelayer's on the line, a factory hand caught in the wheels, or a sailor drowned. We are bound to do our utmost to lessen the risk of dangerous trades; but danger there must always be, and none knows it better or faces it more easily than the workman. Soldiering in peace is not a dangerous trade, and if manoeuvring cannot be carried out in

conditions approximate to those of war—and it is of no use otherwise—without certain danger, it is false sentiment to lament an injury or even a life lost with an ecstasy never moved by the commonplace loss of a sailor or a miner or a navy.

The essence of cavalry action is rapidity of movement and surprise, and this accident was due to neither side appreciating until too late how close it had drawn to the other. This collision of cavalry, on favourable ground in mere manœuvres, shows how entirely wrong are those, Lord Roberts among them, who have been teaching as the lesson of the South African war that charges and actual collisions of cavalry were things of the past. General Haig, the new Director-General of Cavalry, and his school have always withstood this teaching, and insisted on the possibility in the future as in the past of cavalry surprising and riding down troops otherwise engaged.

Whether the Home Office wishes or not, it is evident that it has not yet done with the Edalji case. The new circumstances which have happened during the week are as dramatic as those by which the Home Office was forced to reconsider the case of Mr. Beck and institute the inquiry which led to his rehabilitation and his pecuniary compensation. If the committee appointed by Mr. Gladstone censured the Staffordshire police for their conduct of the case against Mr. Edalji and declared that though his innocence had not been proved neither had his guilt, what is to be said on these terrible maimings of animals recommencing at Great Wyrley when it is absolutely impossible that Mr. Edalji can be the perpetrator?

Only on one wild supposition can Mr. Edalji have anything to do with these crimes: the supposition that he is associated with the criminal though his hand does not appear in the deed. To test this it is necessary to capture the actual criminal. But it is hopeless to expect that the Staffordshire police after their exhibition of stupidity and bewilderment will succeed. The Home Office has covered them long enough; and it is time the Scotland Yard detectives were set to work with all the information which the friends of Mr. Edalji assert they have at their use for discovering the real criminal. This is the least that is due to Mr. Edalji. With the arrest of the criminal Mr. Edalji's position would be cleared up.

It is not a matter of any importance, even from the trade-union point of view, whether the Society of Engineers do or do not send delegates to the Congress to be held at Bath next Monday. There will be still plenty of delegates left to do a great deal of unnecessary talking. The Engineers are right in believing that the affairs of trade unions can now be managed quite well by responsible leaders without a cheap imitation of Parliament. The assertion of the Engineers' secretary that the secession has no political or other importance is quite credible. Very probably the reason is nothing more than some personal quarrel or jealousy between the Congress officials and those of the Engineers' Society. Some newspapers have greatly exaggerated the affair.

The report of the Committee of Architects—a very strong committee including Sir Aston Webb—appointed to examine into the condition and safety of S. Paul's Cathedral is reassuring. The architects conclude that no extensive remedial works are necessary; that the building is safe for the present, though the nature of the subsoil and the changes wrought by human agency will make systematic watching with periodic reports necessary. In the view of the committee the County Council's diversion of the proposed sewer meets the objection rightly taken at the time.

Poor Homburg is terribly in the shade: for the Royal Absence Homburgers have now to console themselves with Sir John Brunner. It is Sir John Brunner who is master of ceremonies at Homburg now and watches over the golf. What bitterness it must be to Homburg to read that King Edward sat down by a putting-green and followed the play eagerly—at Marienbad. Beau Brunner no doubt makes up for much—but his star has not made him Royal, neither can his money nor his honours do this.

#### ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT.

THE rumour which has made its appearance this week, to the effect that King Edward and the Tsar are to meet in some undefined spot, if unsupported by facts, is at least in sympathy with the spirit of the moment. But in any case it may be safely assumed that some sort of agreement with Russia is on the stocks and will before long be published to the world. What the exact nature of this may be it is of little use to speculate; if it be not more original in its terms than the arrangement recently published between Japan and Russia, the world will not be greatly disturbed. But the relations between this country and Russia are very different from those which the Far Eastern war has imposed upon the recent antagonists, and we may rather anticipate a change in Russian policy as its result so far as we are ourselves concerned than the stereotyping of an existing situation.

It would be fatuous to found great hopes upon any agreement, for the stability of all such arrangements is determined by the necessities of every case rather than by previous resolutions however excellent. We know by long experience how little effect sentiment either hostile or friendly has upon the relations of States, and even though Great Britain and Russia may be determined to bury the hatchet for good, inevitable causes might force them asunder in the end. Nothing could be worse than the constant state of irritation and antagonism in which Russia and England have stood to one another, except perhaps the ill-directed and ill-informed sympathy with the Revolutionary party which for a time had a spurious vogue among us. But to leap from this into anything like an entente and to believe that such a condition could be lasting might in the end be even more injurious than the petty nagging.

Unfortunately we have found ourselves in opposition to Russia throughout the East for many years, and this antagonism has not been confined to one sphere; it has spread from Constantinople to Peking. At one time it has been more acute in the Near, at another in the Far East. But it has always been there, and so far as we are concerned that and little else has composed the Eastern Question. We have recently apprehended other antagonists in other directions, but the Eastern Question can never be altogether laid, and the only problem is, not whether it may reappear but when and where. If any agreement could really be arrived at by which the opposition of Russia could be eliminated for ever on reasonable terms, then we might indeed look forward to its publication with hopes which, as things are, would be clearly extravagant.

As Russian pressure has been felt almost equally in the Near, the Middle and the Far East, we might have hoped that by mitigating or abandoning our claims in one direction we might secure ourselves in another. Unfortunately from the British point of view the three spheres are not isolated but interdependent, and herein lies the principal difficulty in the way of a really satisfactory entente with Russia.

Looked at superficially, recent events in the Far East appear to have made it easier for us to approach one another, but the theory will hardly bear examination. It is, we are well aware, common enough to hear experienced Anglo-Indians express the belief that the alliance with Japan and her subsequent victory have taken the pressure off the Indian frontier for a generation. But it would in fact be contrary to all experience, either of natural or historical phenomena, to assume that to stop up one outlet for a great moving force relieves its pressure elsewhere. If the need for advance and expansion be really present in Russia, then the attempt to break out must be made from time to time. Of course it may be that the expansion of Russia east and south has been to a certain extent artificial. She may have been pushed on by the ambitions of generals and statesmen. It may be that this is not a case of the vital necessities of a nation. There may be room and to spare for the energies of her population to expend themselves within her existing boundaries. But however large her boundaries, nothing can check the attempt at advance so long as this immense congeries of territory possesses no ice-free escape.



So far as the Far East is concerned Japan is now installed at the particular outlet selected by Russia as the least troublesome to obtain. Thereby, it is true, we have been relieved of certain apprehensions in China. Russia is no longer in a position to shut the door upon us there, but, even with the open door maintained, we may find Japan before long a far more dangerous competitor than Russia ever could have become. Our other arrangements with Japan have also for a time stereotyped our naval predominance in those waters, and thereby we are relieved of any apprehension regarding communications in Asia with India and our Eastern possessions. There can also be no doubt that the reforms of Lord Kitchener have reconstructed a far stronger force in India, and one more capable of resisting attack or of initiating it than any we have previously possessed. Russia will probably therefore be content to leave India alone for the present; yet, if we think any kind of arrangement we may enter into will remove all pressure in that direction, we make a mistake. However, so long as Afghanistan remains well governed as at present, we have an additional safeguard there, and may prudently look elsewhere for the risk of collision with Russia in Asia.

This of course can be nowhere else than in Persia; here it has been for long apparent that the pressure must in the end be great, because a large portion of the country is already practically under Russian control. In fact we have abandoned any claim to regulate the destinies of Northern Persia ever since Lord Salisbury declined the loan which we might have advanced. We have always held that policy to be ill-advised, though we must now accept the inevitable. But the advance of Russia further south would be evidently inadmissible. It is hardly necessary to argue that her establishment on the Persian Gulf would in the end be as dangerous to us as her absorption of Afghanistan. It would take us in flank at a most vulnerable point and would compel us to double our naval force in those waters. We have therefore to watch Mesopotamia and the Euphrates Valley as closely as Persia itself and can clearly allow no weakening of our guard there. In the same way anything like a condominium in Persia is to be strongly deprecated; nothing could be so prolific in grounds of quarrel, and it might in the end saddle us with a possession which would have nothing but an artificial boundary to round it off. Persia indeed is a more fruitful field for an agreement than any other part of Asia, and it is there that agreement is most desirable, but must also from the nature of things be least stable.

There remains the East of Europe, and we cannot see that there, any more than in the regions we have already discussed, the prospects for permanent arrangement are encouraging. Russia may be for the moment desirous of collecting her energies in order to settle internal disorders, and for that reason may be holding aloof for a time from external complications. Or it may be that she will now for a time abandon the line of advance in the Far East and concentrate her attention on the solution of the Balkan problem. Not very long ago there was a good deal of loose and ill-considered talk about leaving Russia a free hand in Eastern Europe on condition of her agreeing to retire from her rivalry with us in Asia. In the first place, it is very difficult for nations to retire from situations which are the results of their geographical position; in the second, we cannot pretend to settle the affairs of the Near East with Russia alone; and in the third, those who talk glibly about "letting Russia have Constantinople" fail to realise the predominant position in which she would at once be placed by the possession of that unequalled stronghold. Not only would it be a constant menace to the Eastern Mediterranean and to the nearest route to the East, but, with unimpeded access to the Black Sea, the Power that holds both Constantinople and the Black Sea would have every facility for attacking its enemies and retreating to refit its ships in absolute safety.

Therefore in every direction in which Russia desires expansion, we may be compelled to oppose her when it comes to the point. For the moment it may suit us both to pretend it is not so; the better relations she can establish with us the better we shall be pleased. But we shall view with apprehension anything in the nature

of an arrangement which induces us to relax for a moment the vigilance which we are bound to maintain in every quarter where interests are antagonistic. We fear that this is one of the cases in which the fundamental conditions are against a permanent agreement, though there is none of which we should more gladly welcome a satisfactory settlement, could it be done.

#### INDIAN REFORM.

THE reforms in the system of representative government in India foreshadowed in the Budget speech have now taken a definite shape. They are distinguished by the moderation and caution which have characterised all Mr. Morley's policy. This is apparent both in the nature of the measures themselves and in the time selected for their publication, when the end of a prolonged session reduces the opportunities for inflammatory rhetoric and embarrassing interrogations by self-appointed "members for India".

The scheme is still in the preliminary stage of discussion. Certain general principles and an outline of the measure as adopted by the Indian Government and approved by the Secretary of State have been set forth with some necessary detail, and the various local Governments have been asked to examine the proposals and to suggest the machinery best suited to carry them into effect. These inquiries are expected to last six months, which might easily be extended, seeing what complicated issues are raised. It is well this should be so. There will be time for the atmosphere to clear, the present disturbance of the people's minds to subside, and the new measures to be introduced under conditions which will not allow the party of sedition to claim them as the outcome of panic.

The scheme now presented is a wise and statesman-like effort to remedy a faulty system and remove defects which have become a source of positive danger. That system was designed by Lord Ripon to encourage a healthy form of local self-government, by placing in the hands of qualified communities the control of matters in which they were directly and exclusively interested. It has been used to reach entirely different ends. The fundamental evil of the present political movement is that it is in bad hands, confined to small groups which are dominated by noisy demagogues and professional agitators in no way representative of the great body of the people, but in aims directly opposed to its interests and wishes. By their energy, organisation and unscrupulous methods these people have attained a false prominence. The faulty construction of such representative systems as at present exist has enabled them to obtain in a great proportion of elected bodies—boards and councils—a predominance which has no relation to their numbers, to the exclusion of classes and interests of real importance who not only remain without spokesmen but are misrepresented so as to seem the supporters of persons whom they mistrust and to whose objects and methods they are violently opposed. In addition to these defects Lord Ripon's system failed—if it ever tried—to secure the support and assistance of the recognised and natural leaders of the people. Indians of this class will not submit themselves to popular election; many of them could not take an active part in administrative work, but all if properly approached would assist by advice and influence, attracted by the dignity of close relations with the supreme Government and its high officers. The Councils of the Viceroy and of the Provincial Governors, as an analysis of the figures discloses, have become "a virtual monopoly" of the professional classes—lawyers, journalists, and schoolmasters—to the exclusion of the classes possessing a material interest in the country.

The object of Mr. Morley's reform is to secure true and fair representation of all orders and to attract into public life some of the superior classes whom the present conditions exclude, to bring the people of every grade into closer relations with the ruling race, and to associate the feudatory chiefs and the territorial magnates of British India with the Governor-General in the guardianship of common and imperial interests. In this way a better understanding can be established

between the Indian peoples and the supreme Government, the objects and wishes of all classes become better known, and the mischievous efforts of the seditious organisations be neutralised.

The means proposed to secure these ends are twofold. The first is the formation of advisory councils with functions consultative. The chief one would be an Imperial Council consisting of about sixty members, with whom the Viceroy could confer, either collectively or individually, in a private, informal and confidential manner. The members would include about twenty ruling chiefs, and a suitable number of territorial magnates from all the provinces. Such an assembly would be in accordance with the traditions of oriental polity. The independent chiefs, besides acting as advisers, could arrange to co-operate within their own limits with the British Government in matters of common interest, and all councillors alike would form an agency for the diffusion of correct information upon the acts, intentions, and objects of the Government. These "Imperial Councillors" would all be appointed by the Viceroy. Provincial councils on somewhat similar lines would be formed under every local Government. The nucleus of these would be the great landholders of every province who occupied seats on the Imperial Council. To these would be added representatives of the smaller landholders and of the commercial, industrial, capitalist and professional classes, including non-official Europeans, all to be nominated by the local Governor for the Viceroy's approval. The functions would be analogous to those of the Imperial Council—but for some unexplained reason the Government of India seem to prefer in this case collective deliberation or individual consultation by letter only, both of which arrangements are open to question. It seems also a defect that in no council has provision been made for the selection of the head of any of the great religious bodies, either as councillor or as member of the electorate. Among Mohammedans this would be specially useful. The reservations of the scheme are no less important. There is to be no surrender of the paramount British power. The executive authority is excluded from the scope of the advisory councils. The initiative in every case rests with the Viceroy or Provincial Governor and the proceedings are confidential. While the principles and rules of the Government are open to discussion, the actual administration remains as before in the hands of its own officials.

The second measure is the enlargement of the present Legislative Councils so as to admit due representation of various classes and interests which under the present system receive no recognition. This is qualified by the essential condition that the Government must possess a standing majority large enough to secure it against every contingency. It is idle, the letter observes, to dissemble the fact that two men cannot wield one sceptre. Very elaborate provisions are required to secure the due representation of minorities, and these precautions extend to the constitution of the various inferior units such as rural and municipal boards, who must in some cases act as an electorate. Naturally details of this nature are left to the local Governments to work out.

The scheme thus outlined has in it the elements of a useful and necessary reform. In the superior councils it is calculated to establish closer relations between the Government and the chiefs and people. As a practical measure and in the local boards its success will depend on whether it will find, or be able to create, a true and upright public spirit which will induce Indians of all degrees to undertake voluntarily and discharge efficiently duties which carry with them no reward or compensation other than the public good and the esteem of their fellows. Hitherto, even under favourable conditions, local self-government has hardly shown any general or conspicuous manifestation of such a spirit. Among the ruling chiefs the case is different. A recognition of their responsibility, a feeling of patriotism, and a genuine anxiety for the welfare of their subjects has arisen and is spreading widely. Among the Indian nobility and magnates in British territory there will be no lack of qualified councillors. The success of the advisory councils will turn on the tact and statesmanship of the British rulers.

#### THE UNIONIST PARTY AND THE TARIFF GROUPS.

THERE was a time when Tariff Reform was, so to speak, a cave in the Unionist party. Those who were fighting the battle had then to assert themselves and at the risk of unpleasantness and in disregard of what seemed like party discipline to insist that the candidates chosen in their constituencies were convinced advocates of Tariff Reform. That day has passed. Tariff Reform is no longer a cave; it is a vital and unalterable part of Unionism. Mr. Balfour, were he to return to power to-morrow, could no more shirk Tariff Reform than he could assent to the disestablishment of the Church. Again and again he has pledged himself to its cardinal features, and the Unionist candidates chosen are those who can support their leader in this respect. What matter then that a handful of Unionists hesitate as yet to repeat the exact formula acceptable to the Tariff Reform League? No policy enunciated in Opposition has ever yet received the complete and unanimous approval of the party which is to carry it into effect. When once the acceptance of a policy by the leader and the overwhelming majority of the party has been assured, so that it becomes a fixed "plank" in the party platform, it is a mere waste of energy to bother about the exact shades of opinion of a small minority. Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Bowles, and the other Free Trade Unionists remain supporters of Mr. Balfour and that is enough. Their dissent from one feature of his policy, though it be the principal feature, cannot affect the main issue. For Unionists as a whole the prime business of the moment is to discredit and to drive from power a dangerous Ministry. No one will deny that Lord Robert Cecil and the other "Free Fooders" who remain within the Unionist party are able and willing to render most valuable assistance to this end. It is for them to consider their position, not for us, and so long as they give their support to a party whose first object in construction is to reorganise the fiscal policy of the country on lines which Mr. Balfour has again and again explained, we can see no sense in worrying them as the Unionists of Norwood would seem to have been worrying Mr. Bowles. "Differences of opinion", Mr. Balfour has said with great practical wisdom, "there must be, but if properly treated they tend to diminish. Old friends come together: those who agree on ninety-nine things out of a hundred are prepared to agree on the hundredth, but only if the two parties treat each other with tolerance, with equity, with consideration, with charity."

The truth is that the Unionist party, leaders and rank and file alike, have something far better to do at this moment than lend themselves to a series of petty persecutions within their own ranks. They have to elucidate their policy and answer some perfectly reasonable questions. Especially must they set themselves to deal frankly with the electorate upon such matters as the taxation of food. In what respects and how far are the expenses of the household likely to be affected by such a policy as Mr. Balfour has enunciated? This aspect of the question can be dealt with honestly without going into details which can only be decided after full and free consultation with colonial Ministers. Lord St. Aldwyn's registration duty on wheat, which Mr. Ritchie stupidly abolished, left the consumer not one penny the worse, while it benefited the revenue to the extent of something like 2½ millions sterling. The re-statement of the principle of this registration duty, and its application to food-stuffs generally, would be the natural first step of a Unionist Ministry intent upon fiscal reform. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would be immediately provided with funds necessary for a constructive policy in regard to such urgent matters as agricultural development and railway rates; the consumer would be in no way penalised; and by the adoption of a preferential rate for colonial food-stuffs the way would be immediately open for a friendly mutual tariff arrangement with the colonies. It is not to be forgotten that all the colonies have formally asked for is an exemption from such revenue taxation as is adopted in British interests, and every utterance of colonial Ministers goes to show that, with such a basis of negotiation as would be provided by British registration



duties after the manner of Lord St. Aldwyn's duty of 1902, there would be no difficulty in bringing the various states of the British Empire into cordial commercial relationship and stimulating their productiveness to the mutual benefit of all.

To judge from Mr. Asquith's recent speech in Wiltshire Ministers are in a bad way for argument on these heads. The Colonial Conference, he said, had yielded one very good result; it had led to the acceptance of the principle that "the fiscal system of each self-governing part of the Empire must be primarily determined by what the majority of its inhabitants consider to be its own economic interests". And he went on to congratulate himself and the British people that as a consequence of the acceptance of this common principle we had banged the door on the colonies, while they, or at least the Australians, were now engaged in banging the door on us. "And so", he added, "we parted excellent friends". It is a strange kind of friendship. Indeed it is the sort of friendship which may very well end in breaking up the Empire. We know there are Unionists who blame Australia for the course she is taking. We do not agree with them. Australian Ministers, fresh from a general election, came to this country and said in effect to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues: "Let us come to a friendly give-and-take arrangement on the basis of treating each other as members of the same family—that is to say, treating each other better than we treat the foreigner. For the purposes of our revenue and in the interests of our national upbuilding we must have duties against British goods, but we are ready and anxious to discuss with you the means by which your trade interests in Australia may best be promoted, especially in competition with the foreigner, if you will reciprocate by a similar regard for our trade interests in the United Kingdom in competition with Denmark, the United States and other continental producers." That appeal was summarily rejected by British Ministers. Hugging an ancient dogma they sent colonial Ministers back to their several colonies to pursue their own isolated interests as best they could. The Australian tariff is the inevitable result, and we cannot see that British Ministers and the British people have any ground for surprise, much less indignation, if Australia does precisely what British Ministers by their policy invited her to do.

The Free Trade view, according to Mr. Asquith, is that the economic policy of every self-governing part of the Empire must primarily be determined by the view of their own economic interests held by the majority of the inhabitants. But when a self-governing colony, Australia, acts on this view, Free Traders object. "We agree", says a well-known Free Trade member, "that Australia, as a self-governing colony, is entitled to arrange her tariffs to please herself; but if she pleases to make arrangements which injure us, she ought to be told so plainly. Further, this country is entitled to make its own financial arrangements; and there is no evident reason why we should not threaten to retaliate by depriving Australia of the privileges she now enjoys of being able to issue loans here which are capable of being used for trustee investments. We repeat this suggestion, as the best form of retaliation." This is the sort of imperial reciprocity to which those who reject a preferential tariff are reduced. *We* say, let one part of the Empire give a reciprocal advantage to another part; Free Traders say, not a reciprocal advantage but a reciprocal injury. Ours is better Christianity and better business too. To exclude Australian loans from the list of trustee securities would stir a bad feeling which would rankle for generations.

#### THE CONFERENCE NUISANCE.

IT is well to remark at the outset that we are not thinking of the Hague Conference in particular. To suppose so would be natural, for taking it all round this is now and will serve for the future as the champion specimen of those futile assemblages of humanity known as conferences, congresses, associations, or by some other noun of multitude of indefinite or no mean-

ing. The Hague Conference began before the ordinary silly season of conferences in general began. It has continued sitting while other assemblies of the same type have come and gone. The Federal Conference on Education, the British Association, the British Medical Association, the International Congress of School Hygiene, the Stuttgart Socialist Conference, the Esperantist Congress, and others we forget have passed. An English judge and some academic lawyers are on their way to take part in an amateur reproduction of the Hague Conference, known as the International Law Conference or Congress. The solicitors are getting ready for the annual meeting of the Law Society. Very soon the newspapers will be full of Trade Union Congress and Church Congress talk. How many more there may be we will not stay to reckon. Of those that have been held and of those to be held it is equally true to say of them what the Engineers' Society is saying of the Trades Union Congress, that they are "aged and decrepit, and convey a tired feeling to those who attend, and even to those who read of them". This exactly describes the whole class. They are aged and decrepit, and it is so evident they have outlived every useful or serious function that probably it would not now be possible to start a new one with any prospect of as long a career as some of the older-established ones have had. Reports are still given in the newspapers at a length which has no correspondence with the interest that is taken by anybody in their proceedings. A conference is now merely another name for a cheap trip to a picnic under false pretences. The only reality about it, whatever may be the scientific or social or religious pretext under which it is held, will always be found to be the picnics and the excursions. That is the one feature common to them all, and if anyone has the taste for cheap tripping and sight-seeing in crowds he will probably find it as convenient to indulge it by means of a conference as in any other way. It does not matter in the least what picnic society with an imposing name he joins. If he is a crank on any subject, or though hopelessly commonplace and ignorant must splash what he calls his ideas on to paper, he will naturally select the conference that gives him his opportunity in addition to providing him with the picnic.

Ladies are perfectly indifferent what the professed object of the conference may be. They go wherever their family connexions happen to take them, and at every conference they are the majority. If they had not discovered what use from their point of view conferences can be put to, these assemblies would long ago have perished of their own dullness and inutility. This is inevitable from the constitution of a conference. It is not a conference when subjects are planned out beforehand and assigned to specified persons in advance who write out formal essays to be read in a public meeting as if they were sermons. That may be the idea of the French conference but not of the English conference. Instead of the interchange of ideas, discussion, the sifting out of good suggestions from bad and the testing of everything by practical criticism, one person reels off a laboured disquisition and the rest sit as passive auditors. All this speechifying has no practical object. Nothing is to be done, no decision has to be taken, no definite impression is made, and after visits to a few sections the listener finds himself in a painful condition of mental indigestion. In a few years every conference, no matter what its professed object may be, has the same stale old subjects before it, and if by that time the pleasure and picky side of it had not been well organised human nature could endure it no longer. This is the present condition of all conferences that have survived. There seems to be no other way of managing them except under the form in which they started, and this has now become an empty pretence. The committee managers must still pretend that the conference has some serious purpose. They cannot expect mayors and magnates to invest an openly acknowledged cheap excursion with the dignity of municipal patronage. Nor would residents give free quarters and board and lodging to people who frankly confessed that they were taking part of their summer holidays in the form

of a conference. The plan therefore is to gather together a nucleus of men of reputation persuaded by cajolery or badgering into reading papers or giving addresses, and this confers on the proceedings the necessary air of seriousness. This solemn humbug does not impose on anybody; but when the ritual has been duly observed the mayors, and magnates, and residents, and the conference, all play the same game with zeal and unction. The newspapers would not report a picnic but they can report a conference; and the outcome is the columns of sloshy stuff associated with the names of perfectly unimportant people to which we have become accustomed as the "proceedings" of such and such a conference. There is no other way than this to keep conferences alive. Attempt to make them a reality: to bring together people to exchange informally their real live thoughts on subjects in which they are interested. Such simplicity and unpretentiousness would not work. A committee, a few persons round a table, may do this; but bring a crowd together and try it and you will see the whole thing collapse. They simply would not talk about the subjects they were invited to discuss. The moral is that we shall not get anything useful or valuable out of a crowd. With the conference crowd we no longer expect that we shall, though in its earlier days the originators of it had high hopes. We see now that it can only be held together by being organised for something else than its nominal object. This something else is really the picnic and cheap excursion; but there is great disproportion between the means and the end. The organisers of these monster gatherings we may hope will become disgusted with so much expenditure of time and energy for so little purpose. Ordinary tourist agencies may then take these festive crowds in hand and the Conference humbug at last come to an end.

#### THE CITY.

THESE are days of records, and the directors of the Bank of England may claim to have added another to the list. Throwing precedent to the winds they have retained the Bank rate at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for a period exceeding two weeks. Only four times in the last twenty years has this rate been in existence, and then never for more than a fortnight; its establishment has always been regarded as a stepping-stone to a higher or a lower level. It cannot be said to be permanently established even now, but that it rules against precedent is a sign of the greater elasticity of the policy which has governed the Bank of England during recent years. A remarkable change has come over the money market since the imposition of the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. rate. Bankers have gained confidence, and business has proceeded with the freedom which usually characterises all their operations. Bills are no longer looked upon with suspicion and refused discount, but accommodation is provided on reasonable terms. The Bank of England is thus relieved of the burden of buying all the bills its customers may take to it, and is freed from the necessity of further advancing its rate as a protection against excessive discounting. Contrary to general expectation, the sudden advance in the rate to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. has therefore proved a blessing in disguise. It has convinced the market that the Bank directors have all along had a grasp of the monetary situation, and that, as hitherto, "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is an institution not to be lightly despised. The Secretary of the United States Treasury has now come to the relief of the New York money market, having announced his decision to deposit Customs receipts with the national banks at stated intervals, instead of piling them up at Washington and disbursing them at random moments. This should assist Wall Street, and will at the same time lessen the chances of a gold drain to the States in the late autumn.

In the Stock Exchange the improvement in the monetary situation has brought consternation to the "bears", and there has been a rush to cover sales. The dealers have been caught short of stock and their efforts to buy have resulted in a sharp rise in prices. A

few purchases for the investing public have assisted in the movement, and the daily record of business, when set down on paper, has given the impression that a "boom" is in progress in the "House". But appearances are deceptive. The actual amount of stock that has changed hands is comparatively small, and only the scarcity is responsible for the large appreciation in values. It now remains to be seen whether the supply will increase proportionately with the demand, and in this connexion it has to be remembered that there are large blocks of bankrupt stock merely awaiting a favourable opportunity to be realised. Present prices may not tempt holders to part, but at any further stage in the upward movement this stock may be thrown out. Too much reliance therefore cannot be placed upon the present movement, which may at any moment receive a severe check. On the other hand demands may get ahead even of the supply of bankrupt stock. The public show a disposition to withdraw money from the banks and put it into securities, and the requirements of trade no longer absorb all the profits. Insurance companies are restoring securities realised to provide the losses of the last two years, and the banks are not unmindful of the advantages of "averaging" their holdings of Consols and other investments at present prices. Hitherto a want of confidence has been a prime factor in restraining Stock Exchange business. There have been grave fears regarding the monetary position and exaggerated fears as to the actions of the Government. The monetary position is no longer a source of serious anxiety, and as to the Government, Parliament is prorogued and we are thus free for some time to come from any mischievous legislation. Individual members may use their vacation to shout sedition and threaten capital, but they cannot force the Government during that time to endorse their actions. It may be therefore that we shall have an outburst of buying that will remove all traces of recent liquidations and restore the Stock Exchange to a state approaching prosperity. There can be no great harm in the investor coming forward even if prices are to fall back. All the good securities are "dirt cheap", and to wait in the fear that even lower prices may rule is to court disappointment.

The announcement made that the differences between Mr. J. B. Robinson and the Native Labour Association have been amicably settled should help to restore confidence in the "Kafir" market. While the magnates were at loggerheads it was not to be expected that the public would risk their money in playing a game in which they were only the pawns, but now that there is a chance of coming in on equal terms the opportunity is more likely to be seized. General Botha continues to assert that he will find the necessary substitutes for the repatriated Chinamen, and there is a growing belief that his statements are not merely empty words. It is certainly of paramount importance to the Transvaal that the mining industry should flourish, and flourish exceedingly, and no one should know this better than General Botha. It will be strange indeed, then, if he does not signalise his accession to power by assisting mine-owners to work their properties to the fullest capacity. No official announcement has yet been made of a working arrangement between the De Beers and the Premier Companies, but the course of prices in the last few days would seem to suggest that the rumours referred to a week ago have some solid foundation in fact. Latest advices from Honan give satisfactory results of the borehole workings on the property of the Pekin Syndicate, and, given more energetic management, the company may yet justify the earlier expectations of shareholders. The financial position is quite strong, and there are speculative possibilities which make the shares appear attractive at their present price.

#### INSURANCE.—COMMENCING WHEN YOUNG.

LIFE insurance is of necessity expensive. Unlike fire and accident insurance, a life policy, provided the premiums are paid, is, with very few exceptions, bound to become a claim at some time or other. A fire may or may not happen, and a premium paid for fire insurance merely covers the risk; a policy under which the sum assured is payable at the death of the policy-



holder or at some fixed date in the future is bound to involve a payment by the assurance company at some time or other. Hence, while a fire policy insuring £1,000 may cost as little as 30s. a year, a life policy for £1,000 can scarcely cost less than £15 a year, with an average annual cost of about £35.

This comparatively heavy cost of life assurance deters a great many people from taking policies for an adequate amount. They realise the need of life assurance, but are faced with the fact that any adequate provision in this way is beyond their means; and even if they do take a life policy, it is commonly for too small an amount or of a less satisfactory kind than they would like. Probably the great majority of men have realised both the importance of a substantial life policy and the difficulty of paying for it. The remedy is a comparatively simple one if parents would but take the matter in hand soon enough, and arrange assurances for their children. The ordinary form of these policies provides that in the event of death before the child reaches the age of twenty-one all the premiums that have been paid are returned; after the age of twenty-one the policy comes into force as ordinary life assurance, and the sum assured is paid either at death, whenever it occurs, or on reaching some selected age, with a proviso that in the event of death before that age, but after twenty-one, the sum assured is paid. Normally these policies participate in profits, and the bonuses begin to accrue at age twenty-one.

The usual arrangement is that the assurance is commenced in childhood; the rate of premium is exceedingly small and continues unaltered during the whole duration of the policy. The nature of the contract will be seen more clearly by an illustration.

If a child is aged four next birthday an annual premium of £11 10s. a year will secure the payment of £1,000 at death after age twenty-one, with the addition of bonuses from age twenty-one until death. On reaching age twenty-one the policyholder can select to have the sum assured paid on the attainment of a selected age, or at death if previous; and if this selection be made the premium remains unaltered, but the sum assured under the policy is reduced. If it is desired to have the money payable at age thirty-five the sum assured is no longer £1,000 but £467. If it is payable at age forty-five the sum assured is reduced to £670; and if payable at fifty-five it becomes £858.

If policies of such amounts as these and payable at such ages as these were not commenced until some such age as twenty-five, the premiums that would have to be paid for them would be more or less prohibitive. These deferred assurances for children are really an excellent method of securing benefits by easy payments. Clearly if the payment of premiums commences in childhood the number of years through which the payments have to be continued is much larger than if the premium-paying period were not commenced until later in life.

The benefit is not limited to the fact that for the great majority of people it is much more convenient to pay a small sum for many years than to pay a large sum for a few years; there is the important further consideration that compound interest plays a much larger part in policies of long duration than in policies of short duration. If £10 a year is accumulated at compound interest at 3½ per cent. per annum for fifty years, it amounts to £1,310, of which £500 has been paid in cash and £810 has been accumulated from interest. On the other hand, if the payments have been for twenty-five years only, their accumulated amount is only £389, of which £250 has been contributed in cash and £139 is the result of interest. Thus, by commencing policies in childhood, not only are the annual payments a great deal smaller, and therefore much more convenient to find than if the policy is not taken out until late in life, but the total amount which has to be paid in cash is a great deal less, since in the one case much and in the other case little is derived from interest.

#### A "FREAK".

PEOPLE who live in remote parts of the country seem to think that a man coming from London will be bored off his head by ordinary rural things. And so he would be, no doubt, if these things—these pigs and cows, these buttercups and daisies—were going to hem him in for ever. This not being so, he resents the notion that his palate can be titillated only by such strange and abnormal things as may happen to lurk here and there in the neighbourhood. But in vain does he try to banish this notion from the minds of his entertainers. Vainly does he hint that it is just as a refuge from entertainment, in the special sense of this word, that he has fled the town. Yesterday morning, I was made to walk several miles from the village where I am staying, in order that I might see a model dairy. There are several dairies within a stone's throw; but only the model one was deemed worthy of my metropolitan eye. Nor, indeed, was I much averse from the expedition. A model dairy! The phrase had always conjured up for me a pleasant vision of white tiles gleaming with a special coolness and whiteness, and of a row of unapproachably beautiful and virtuous dairy-maids in pink, churning whitest milk, or patting yellowest butter, and singing at their work—singing folk-songs in clear fresh young voices. Figure, then, my bewilderment when I was inducted into the reality—a room a-buz with machinery—black iron wheels whirling overhead, piston rods, clamps, cylinders, I know not what. I didn't *want* to know what; but it was all explained to me, at my host's behest, by the man in possession, the man at the wheels, a beetle-browed man with a red moustache and a peaked black cap and a mackintosh suit. Even some milk was shown to me. It was being subjected to an elaborate chemical process by which any tubercular properties in it would presently be detected. Well, I hold no brief for bacilli; and I suppose I ought to have rejoiced in the vision of the man with the red moustache mounting constant guard between them and the villagers. I ought not to have seen him as an ogre who had swallowed a row of dairy-maids. But that was how I did in my mind's eye clearly see him; and thus, on the way home, my pretence of enthusiasm for model dairies was so faint as to cloud my host's brow with the conviction that I had been merely bored. In the afternoon he was evidently pre-occupied by the effort to think of some available thing that *would* stagger me. And it was with a pathetic gleam of hope in his eyes that he at length advised me to walk up and down the village street, between six and seven o'clock, on the chance of seeing "Moony Henry", the village idiot. I assured him that I shared neither the oriental reverence for madness nor the mediæval knack of getting fun out of it, and that I was perfectly content with my sight of villagers who were sane. "I quite understand", he said rather coldly, meaning that what he quite understood was the futility of dangleing one rural degenerate before the eyes of a man who habitually lived in a place from which he could run down to Earlswood "in no time" whenever the fancy seized him. Doubting my power to dispel this illusion, I wandered out into the garden. The gardener was there, and I began to question him about the flowers.

My questions may not have been very intelligent, but they were prompted by a quite sincere interest. The gardener evidently regarded them as but the gasps of a fish out of water, the hollow groans of a starving man. At length, with an humane glance of compassion, and ignoring an inquiry as to whether sweet-peas were or were not hardy, he said "It's awful dull hereabouts for folks that come from London", and added that it was a pity I had not come last Spring: in the next village but one, so he told me, there had been a two-headed calf. I did not attempt to convince him that my delight in a calf was in inverse ratio to the number of its heads. I strayed back into the house, idly wondering why the majority of mankind should take pleasure in "freaks". Certainly, I mused, mankind shows herein, as in so many other respects, its inferiority to the brute creation. Animals instinctively kill their freaks at birth. (The gardener had been bound to confess that I should only have seen the corpse of

the two-headed calf.) But human freaks are preserved carefully—many of them for sake of the cash they will fetch for their parents from this or that showman. Worse than this, we gladly pay for sight of animals which have been artificially degraded from their natural estate, elephants rattling tambourines, dogs in petticoats pirouetting upon the backs of galloping monkeys—all sorts of dumb creatures having in their eyes a world of reproach for us, and of terror for their ingenious trainers. Worst of all, we eagerly patronise human beings who, for sake of gain, have voluntarily made freaks of themselves. I sighed, recalling the story of the little "new boy" who, being asked by his elder schoolfellows what was his father's profession, replied, after a long pause of not unnatural hesitation, that his father was "one of the bearded ladies at Mr. Barnum's". My host, mistaking my sigh for one of ennui, and thinking to brighten me with an urban topic, asked me what I thought of the new painter—the man who paints in the dark. I caused surprise by saying that I hadn't heard of the gentleman. My host assured me that his fame was immense; in proof whereof he showed me a printed document which had been sent to him.

It lies before me at this moment. I will not name the hero of it, for his "dislike to publicity" is insisted on by one of the critics therein cited. "He never exhibits", and so coy is he that "his studio is situated in the basement of an old mansion in George Street, Hanover Square, directly opposite the portico of the church where so large a number of the fashionable marriages are solemnised". But he evidently has, like the Ancient Mariner, a glittering eye, in virtue of which he stoppeth one in three of the wedding-guests, alluring them through the area-railings, down, down into a studio by which "one is reminded of the gloomy abode of Styx". He "is taking the fashionable world by storm with his beautiful work", though he "is only thirty-two and at twenty-one could not draw at all". On a separate leaflet appears an imposing list of the members of the nobility and gentry who have gone down into his cellar, there to sit (I quote again from the main body of the document) "on a chair slightly raised above the level of the floor, opposite to the feeble pencil of light". This feeble pencil is no mere symbol of what the artist has triumphed over since he attained his majority: it is the key to "the normal conditions under which PAINTING CAN BE MOST EASILY DONE". It is "a scientific means of avoiding the strain of portrait-painting"; and thereby the artist can "with five sittings of one hour finish a portrait ready to be removed from the studio and hung". This is "about a third to a fourth less time than is required by the most dexterous painter in the ordinary methods", and a precious boon "to busy Society folk who during the season have often more engagements than they can keep". "But", I think I hear Mr. Binyon asking me in a neighbourly way, "what sort of portraits are they that are 'removed and hung' after so little to-do?" Be re-assured, dear neighbour: they are "beautiful works of art that might be hung side by side with the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Velasquez, and rival them in transparency, brilliancy and glow of colouring". There! And "a warm sunny sheen suffuses [!] the whole canvas"—suffuses, too, doubtless, the possessor. "The price at present is sixty guineas." Well, for a Rembrandt or a Velasquez you would have to pay between twenty and a hundred times this amount, without having had the fun of the time-limit in the cellar. I doubt whether the great ladies and gentlemen who sit to Mr. — appreciate the portraits so keenly as the fun. They are connoisseurs of life rather than of art. And, ere Mr. — shall have polished off half the aristocracy, belike some other freak will come along—some yet newer Rembrandt or Velasquez, who will paint you while he stands on his head or (say) in a tank of water, requiring only five sittings of five minutes. And then, oh then, all the great ladies and gentlemen will go flocking to him; and Mr. — will be left to console himself with the honorary degree which Lord Curzon, following the precedent set by this year's Eneania, will doubtless confer on him next June.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### PAGEANT OF THE SEA.—IV.

WATCH the racing yachts from the water itself at Cowes or at Ryde. From the sea near Ryde the sight is perhaps more imposing, because the boats file away almost to that clean-cut line that moves us so deeply no matter how often or in what part of the earth or water we look at it, the end of the visible world. Over there lies the Light Ship, and round it the yachts swing one by one, for their line has grown long and straggling and the gaps are wide. I have spoken of the swift racers as butterflies, and the image seems to fit them well enough in the idea of lightness and unsubstantiality as well as of spright which it carries. They look fairy light at a little distance, but there is nothing on the sea more deceptive than these boats in seeming bulk. The largest of them looks as if it might well be contained in one of the smaller steam packets which ply between mainland and island, in a Stokes Bay boat. But really a Stokes Bay boat is scarcely half the tonnage of a racing yacht of the "Ingomar" class. One forgets the canvas the yacht has to carry. This canvas is subject to transformation scenery strange and wonderful as that of the hills and coasts. There was an August race which we watched from the sea near Ryde. The "Ingomar" led the way from the starting point by Ryde to the Warner Light Ship. Extent and weight of canvas were unmistakable when we were within a hundred yards of the yachts. Again, half a mile from the starting point, when the yachts were drawn close together and getting into line against the signal, the mass of sail was most striking. But a few minutes later, when instead of this stately group we saw a lengthening line streaming eastward at Spithead, these glorious sails were by play of light reduced to shreds and tatters. This was when we saw the boats clipped out on the sky. As each boat reached the point where this was first noticed in regard to the leader, exactly the same effect was produced; till presently we were looking at a fleet of toy boats not one of which showed a whole sail.

These are random sketches, slight and faulty, of sea and land scene which, in its marvellous and delicate and quick-changing beauty, has a thrall over all people who know the place and care for such scenes and for the drama of Nature. I never tried to put into words my thoughts and impressions of any scene of natural loveliness in England, wood, waste or water, without knowing after the attempt that I had failed more or less entirely. The best part of our appreciation has no language. He that but half sees actually sees and enjoys more than the man with twice his power to see and appreciate, furnished too with a gift of words, can set on paper. This is easily illustrated. Two passages of supreme descriptive merit of different quality occur to me. Ruskin in "The Crown of Wild Olive" described the springs of the Wandle before their pollution, in a passage which seems as near inspiration as anything in our empire of print, lifted up like Shelley's lyrics. The other is those three words in "Hyperion"—"Eve's one star". In the one passion, in the other art, can go no further. These are master touches in the world of words. Yet thousands of ordinary people have seen and enjoyed more of the wellhead of a pure stream, or of Venus in the afterglow at sundown, than is brought out in Ruskin's passage, in Keats' crystal of word perfection. If, then, the masters fail to tell what they have seen and felt, why should we without any special art of words make the attempt? At first thought it seems presumption and a useless thing. But I believe that would be bad judgment of effort that is instinctive and earnest. Earnestness is paramount: one cannot lay too much stress on it; enthusiasm for natural and national scenery which does not come straight and clean from the wells of feeling is odious; a cult of nature or of patriotism, the least suspicion of it, would be too repulsive. Given the enthusiasm, and the instinct to tell, it is a kind of duty in those who have had intense pleasure from such scenes to help impart a little of the gift to others. If we send a few people to find the treasure, we discharge some of our debt. Debt and duty are terms that properly apply to this, especially where the scenes are our own country's. The delusion



that to see and enjoy fine scenery we must go abroad may not be so common as it was; still it cheats many people, and we should do what is in our power to dispel it. English sea, sky and hills soon exhausted of their variety and beauty or wanting in either! One summer day spent on these waters, or along their coast, proves the error. Climb Hengistbury Head and look out to sea from the bracken of its summit, or inland across the estuary to old Twineham and the Forest—this assures a man he need not go beyond England for beauty and marvellous colour in unnamed, indescribable tint and gradation. Barton Cliffs to the west of Hengistbury or Culver on the Island will serve as well, or the wooded reaches of the Beaulieu river when the tide is in and at the full. I scarcely know a spot along this coast or on this sea that will not serve the purpose—Netley, Hamble, Hayling, Bembridge, Yarmouth, Freshwater. No one could exhaust the beauties of England, no eye could be educated above them. As this applies to England as a whole, so it applies to single counties and districts. The problems of origin and destiny, of life, mind and matter, press closer on the thoughts of each succeeding generation; but the riddle of beauty, its source and end, is to us at times as deep and wonderful as any. Beauty exercises such a sway over us and is so widely spread upon earth and sky and water that we must be in a dark mood to question some highness in its purpose and end. Never is this riddle of beauty more insistent for me than when I think or look at these few miles of calm English sea.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

#### SNOW, MOON, AND FLOWERS.

A JAPANESE friend of mine lived in Paris for a year. Waking on a winter's morning, he found that snow had fallen in the night. As a matter of course he took his way to the Bois de Boulogne, to admire the beauty of the snow upon the trees. What was his astonishment, when with his companion, a compatriot, he arrived in the Bois, to find it entirely solitary and deserted! The two Japanese paid their vows to beauty in the whiteness and the stillness of the morning, and at last beheld in the distance two other figures approaching. They were comforted. "We are not quite alone", they said to themselves. There were at least two other "just men" in that city of the indifferent and the blind. The figures drew nearer. They also were Japanese!

Three things above all in the world of nature have impressed their charm on the mind and the art of the Far East; the beauty of snow, the beauty of moonlight, and the beauty of blossoming flowers. In each of these there is the sense of an apparition; of a presence and a power revealing itself, withdrawn and again renewed. And the feeling which prompts the Japanese to go out in their multitudes when the snow has made the earth white with its "new soft-fallen mask", or when the moon comes glorifying some familiar aspect of lake and sea and mountain, or the cloud of blossom breaks from the wild cherry trees, is a kind of religious emotion or instinct which tells them that in this transfiguring spirit of beauty life vouchsafes perhaps glimpses of a purer and intenser reality than everyday vision apprehends; and at these manifestations it behoves them to be present or, as the French say, "to assist". Behind this feeling lies a whole world of tradition, saturated by thought which has its springs in distant ages and in Indian wisdom, and flows through countless generations of Chinese as well as Japanese poets, artists, and philosophers. In Northern China and Japan certain trees blossom before the snows are gone, and this combination of flowers and snow provides just that kind of rare and delicate beauty which moves most poignantly the artists of those countries. Already in the eighth century such a theme inspired a great poet-painter of China, and it was to become one of those commonplaces in which an art finds perpetual freshness and always new material. So, too, the three associated beauties of Snow, Moon, Flowers became consecrated as a traditional subject for sets of paintings.

I will not dwell now on the differences between

Eastern and Western life, thought, and temperament to which the constant choice of such subjects bears witness. To each art its own glory. But we cannot help recognising in these Asian painters a love for, and interest in, the life of things for their own sake, not merely for the part they play in ministering to the service or enjoyment of mankind, which makes this aspect of their art far more modern in feeling than our own. European art still betrays the primitive instincts and attitude of man at war with nature; snow, rain, and storm having for so many centuries been regarded as parts of nature's hindrance and hostility that only lately has beauty been discovered in them. Animal life has been painted with the interest and the sentiment of the huntsman. Flowers have been painted cut and bunched in jars, rather than in the living beauty of their growth, as they exist for themselves. Landscape in the West began with the sense of what is pleasant and luxurious in Nature, though as an independent art it is rooted mainly in topography. This element is strong in that phase of Japanese landscape art which is most familiar to us, the colour-prints of Hokusai and Hiroshige. But even these artists, representing a revolt from the long tradition of Chinese inheritance maintained by the aristocratic schools of painting, were permeated by the atmosphere of that influence. They too must publish their sets of Snow, Moon, Flowers.

When one thinks of the vast production of landscape painting in the Europe of to-day, one cannot help being struck by its general lack of power to interest. There is abundance of technical skill, of sincere endeavour, sporadic hints of beauty. But how rare it is to find anything of capacity to gain a permanent or wide hold on human interest! Mental anarchy and the confusion of novelty with originality are at the roots of this want. It is not by any means confined to landscape painting. In all our art and literature men avoid the subjects that have been treated before, instead of treating these afresh. I have wished to draw a hint from the Far East, because there alone has tradition in choice of subject ruled not only, as with us, in religious and legendary themes of art, but in landscape. And the gain, to my thinking, is great. It makes for solidarity, it checks the trivial element by controlling the response to transient and insignificant impressions. It is in no way hampering, for subjects such as the associated three I have been writing of, which form only one example out of many, leave perfect liberty of treatment. Yet at the same time the painter will know that his theme will be recognised; that his efforts will not be more than half expended in interesting his spectators in unfamiliar subject-matter before he can arrive at interesting them in his treatment of it; the theme will be one that has already struck root in the imagination of a race, and so at once he is set in touch with the mind of his public and can play lightly upon numberless associations and hardly defined emotions. Where novelty is absent from a theme, originality is really tested. A traditional subject is a challenge, and tries a man's best powers.

We have not the habit of cherishing associations and combinations of beautiful things in the symbolic order that the Eastern mind finds a necessity. Many of us have the delusion that if we go far enough afield, to some sufficiently outlandish and unfamiliar region, the shock of strangeness will help us to do something fresh and alive. And others are infected with the fond belief that only by starving all human interest out of their work will their art be really pure and done from a right motive. The result is waste.

In English landscape—to return to a specific example—our earlier painters often chose the same subjects, treating them each in his own fashion. They knew their native land, and allowed themselves to be attracted by its historic places of pilgrimage. Richmond Hill, Stonehenge, Conway, Knarborough, Bolton Abbey, Bridgenorth—these and other places famed for beauty and meaning to Englishmen have inspired a succession of fine pictures. Mr. Wilson Steer among living men shows his right instinct in accepting the challenge of such traditions. But there is with us nothing comparable to the ordered recognition of subjects such as the Japanese have found in the famous features of their country, still less to recognition

of those wider themes endeared by association in the sentiment and poetry of the race.

Yet I have often wondered why a subject like yacht-racing at Cowes—to take an obvious instance—has not become traditional with our painters. It is capable of great variety of treatment, it is full of possibilities of beauty, and it appeals to English feeling. At the moment I can only recall the series of paintings of this subject by Turner, the greatest of our landscape painters, as he is the one who most instinctively responds to national sentiment and tradition. I mean the pictures, more or less unfinished, which now hang in the Tate Gallery. To mention these is to bring up again the vexed question of the housing of the Turner Bequest. These and the other paintings in the Tate Gallery are hung there only, I take it, as a temporary expedient. The critic of the "Tribune" has devoted some space to consideration of the arguments I gave a fortnight ago in this Review against the removal of the Turners from Trafalgar Square. Agreeing with my plea for the maintenance of the idea of continuity in art, he thinks that this idea is best carried out by mixing old and new in both galleries; he considers that unless we have accepted classics at Millbank to give a tone to the collection, we shall be countenancing the divorce between old and modern painting which I myself deplored. This would be the case if all the modern work at the Tate Gallery were obliged to remain there for ever. But if it be a recognised thing that the National Gallery is to be regularly replenished from Millbank with masterpieces sifted from the paintings of recent decades, a relation is established between the two galleries, and each preserves its own character. I submit that the idea of continuity is thus exhibited more definitely and reasonably than by a haphazard mixture in both galleries. And haphazard it must be if we are to make such rents in the history of the British school as the removal of the Turners from Trafalgar Square involves.

LAURENCE BINYON.

#### THE GULL AND THE PEACOCK.

(A Fable in the manner of Gay.)

A GULL, no longer ranging free,  
Had his abode at Battersea.  
The poet owns he never heard  
How Battersea acquired the bird:  
Whether a storm up river brought him  
Or John Burns, out a-fishing, caught him.  
Suffice it, there he lodged and boarded,  
Eating the fare the park afforded.  
Content with what was near at hand,  
He paced smooth-shaven lawns for sand,  
The grotto served for rocks beyond  
And, for the sea, the Ladies' Pond.

One summer evening, rather dull  
As summer evenings are, the gull  
By watching long and striking sharp  
Had brought to bank a six-inch carp.  
Pleased with his prey so bright and flappy  
The gull felt infinitely happy.  
And soon, to make him further proud,  
Collected quite a little crowd  
Of passers-by to see him sup.

A Peacock happened to come up,  
A much dishevelled fowl, dejected  
Because by brother birds rejected  
To whom his presence was revolting.  
At least till he had finished moulting.  
No mantling glories could he trail,  
He'd scarce a feather in his tail.

Marking the crowd, he sauntered near  
With mincing step, to see and hear  
All that by them was said or done:  
And hoped, perhaps, for bits of bun.

But, when he view'd the meeting's cause—  
"Can this", quoth he, "provoke applause?  
Does man, proud man, descend to watch  
This snob and his ignoble catch?  
Admire the exploits of a creature  
Who fishes, not by Art but Nature?  
He'd know, had he been better taught,  
That 'Fish in ponds are ready caught':  
That not a minnow would he get  
But for the Borough Council's net,  
Which brought the silly fish so near him  
That e'en a common gull could spear him.  
What has he caught, when all is told?  
The starveling is not even gold.  
Moreover, it is under size.  
Ten inches from the fork to eyes  
Is, as all anglers know, the rule—  
All anglers—save this idiot gull".

The gull, cast down by this oration,  
Sat up and wept from sheer vexation.  
But soon, recovering his spirits,  
Said "No one, Sir, denies your merits.  
With you no gull would think of wrangling,  
But, are you, Sir, a judge of angling?"  
"Brought up beneath the eye of Juno,  
I must, of course, know more than you know,"  
The peacock said. "Of theory  
You know, no doubt, much more than I,"  
Answered the gull; "but, Sir, the fact is  
I doubt your having had much practice."  
"My tail", the peacock made reply,  
"Has furnished many a killing fly.  
Fly-fishing, as you ought to know,  
Is Art. And bottom-fishing low."  
Says gull, "If I may make so bold,  
The splendours of that tail unfold:  
Grant me to see those radiant eyes  
At which e'en lordly salmon rise".

Pavo, forgetful, turns about.  
The gull assails him with a shout.  
"What! you decrepit thing, do you,  
A figure ludicrous to view,  
That cannot show the lingering ghost  
Of those scintillant plumes you boast—  
You ragbag of cast finery—  
Do you presume to lecture me?  
Go! and rub Tatcho on your crupper  
And leave me to my well-earned supper."

Home-keeping Poets! who, like me,  
Care little for publicity,  
Who only scribble odds and ends  
To please yourselves and private friends,  
If it befall, as may at times,  
That some sour critic damn your rhymes,  
Hold you convict of plagiarism  
(The common cant of criticism),  
And at your poor achievements spurn,  
Do not, for that, lose heart and burn.  
Before you let him check your mirth  
Examine his opinion's worth.

Critics, ere now, have been suspected  
To be, themselves, of the rejected.  
If there were something he could do  
He'd have no time to sneer at you,  
And why should his opinion fetter  
Yours, quite as good, and maybe better?  
For you, in spite of critic stuff,  
What you think good is good enough.

CECIL S. KENT.



## GOING OUT AND COMING HOME.

GOLF gives one to think: it is part of the fascination; at any rate to the man who plays it in the right spirit. He is not of the true sort who can see nothing in golf but clubs and balls and holes into which the balls won't go. The mere manipulator of clubs, to whom the game is the game and nothing more, is like the sportsman who has no interest in the animals he pursues, or rather, now, receives. He is like the angler who is just as content to pull so many pounds of fish out of a reservoir as to entice it from the Test in early June. So long as he kills fish he does not know whether there is fine scenery round him or not. And the golfer who is not set pleasantly, easily thinking as he journeys from hole to hole is a Philistine too. He may be a great performer, but he has not the soul for golf. All life is in a round of golf, not to the man who allows the game to dominate him, but to one who dominates the game, and therefore enjoys it. It is a recreation; he will not be its slave, but make it serve him and administer to his pleasures, mental as well as physical. "Going out" and "coming in"; up or down "at the turn"; golf fulfils the Aristotelian canon; it has its *deus* and *lucis*; it is dramatic: it is human life. As one gets older one realises the turning point in life. For many years everything is in front; but there is a time—not perceived at the moment—when we begin to turn back. The winding up is complete; the running down begins. Life is not a straight line from birth to death; it is essentially a returning curve. In early years we are going out; some of us remain longer going out than others; some turn soon; others do not turn, or more correctly they do not reach the mark they have to round until they have gone out very far indeed. But the coming home begins sooner or later.

You may call it the reaping after the sowing; many analogies spring to the thought; but a turning point there is: life is a journey round a mark: a going out and a coming in. One begins to realise he is on the homeward course by a gradual change in point of view, a different way of thinking. We have all the analogy to youth in the gay start at the first hole; the certainty that we are going to do a wonderful round; that we will win; and in the light heart with which the first hole or two are lost; it does not matter; there are many more to come; plenty of time to pick up. A bunker in the early days is a jest; it is not taken very carefully perhaps, and strokes are lost. But we are not going to get into any more bunkers, so it does not matter. We can see the yawning abysses, and the hazards and the rough ahead; but we shall avoid them all. We shall keep on the pretty. And so we travel lightly on until the seventh or eighth hole. By this time we have acquired a retrospect, a property that brings with it many anxieties. We are some strokes to the bad on bogey; the other man is a hole or two up. We must play up now; and then "the turn" comes in sight. After that things cannot be taken lightly any more. If we have not done something in our lives by forty, we are hardly ever likely to. We begin to realise there is not an unlimited time for work. Every stroke we drop behind bogey now is serious; it will be more and more difficult to make up—for life is a game with bogey: beating or not beating the other man is nothing. Coming home we play more thoughtfully and we play better; there are many compensations for the less gaiety. If we take things more seriously, we are less easily irritated. We know by experience what iniquity a golf ball is capable of, and we also know how evil situations are not as hopeless as they appear. We have learnt that a golf ball is not to be cured of its escapades by smacking it in irritation, but it can be corrected by a cool scientifically delivered blow. This requires patience. Many men could have got out of early tangles and messes pretty easily had they known as much as they knew twenty years later. And coming home we enjoy the quiet times on the putting green more than we do going out. The showy strenuous drive impresses us less, for we have noticed that in the end the slashing driver often takes more strokes to get round than the less showy man. Less showy things we find count as much, probably more, than the others,

and are really more difficult to do well. We have had to abate our ambition. Soon after the turn we saw there was no chance of our doing the round under eighty; and now at the sixteenth we think of ninety. Perhaps we shall not do a very brilliant round; but at any rate we will do the last three holes well. How many of us reach fifty without seeing that the ship must be lightened of much of its freight of ambitions? We think less, and then not at all, of moving the world; we are intent on finishing up in a workmanlike way the particular little job God has put into our hands to do. Now we are in sight of the club-house; we are approaching the eighteenth green; generally a very pretty, very faultless one. We are very careful and we hole out in three. We have got home in a respectable score; and we are happy.

## GREEN LEAVES AND DRY.

THE backward spring and cool grey summer have given the cornfields a noble stature, though they be late in putting on the right harvest colour. In all the squares of wheat that show across the valley the reddening brown of the ears has still a green underplay; but most of the straw is up to a man's shoulder, and here and there almost tops his head. Where the garden pushes forward a corner into the fields, a plot of bearded wheat sways level with the top of the hedge, and its waves surge all day against the quickset like a full tide against a sea-bank. "Waving corn", "the thousand waves of wheat" are familiar symbols of English landscape, which we shall ill spare when the apparent course of tendencies in agriculture shall have reached its natural conclusion; but not many of us have the time or the chance to see for ourselves the full truth of the comparison. There are days of latter summer—they may come as refreshment after burning drought, or as a hopeful turn in a rainy spell—days of broad, even illumination under sailing clouds, with distances full of strong dark colour, when the blustering south wind sets the yellowing fields rolling with the very motion of a freshening sea. Seen close at hand over the garden hedge, the undulations of the corn break this way and that, with eddies and recoils, sinking hollows and shouldering ridges, exactly like the swirling confusion among outlying reefs of a headland; but looking away to the larger pieces, the thirty acres or so unbroken on the hillside over against us, we may see the waves travelling all day in even succession like the rollers of an Atlantic swell. To half-shut eyes, or the drowsy sense which the monotonous rhythm of sound and motion so easily persuades, the illusion is sometimes all but perfect: for foam the white may-weed lines the hedgeside, a poppy swings with the surge like a red buoy, the wind in the hedgerow trees and the dry rustle of the straw mock with curious exactness the incessant murmur of the tide when small breakers are rolling in, ridge behind ridge, over wide levels of sand.

It is worth while to spend an idle hour—perhaps even a busy one, after the fashion that some hours are busy—to watch the sway and recovery of the wheat-ears, the elastic curves of the straw, the rush of the spreading flaws across the field, the ceaseless drift of the undulation, like smoke or mountain mists, along the edge of the further slope. An hour's contemplation from the bench by the garden hedge will reveal something of the mechanics of the process, the strength of structure and base-anchorage in the slender knotted columns, switching restlessly for weeks together under winds from every quarter, carrying their heads of some seventy grains, heavy with rain and dew, safely through the swelling and ripening months—unless some fiercer storm be let loose—and coming, when the wind lulls in some clear evening, all together upright and rigid, each in station, only the weaklings here and there touching their neighbours in the row. Anyone of a mechanical turn of mind might find it a profitable exercise to put into terms of human handiwork a vertical mast with a height of two hundred times its mean diameter, capable, with a burden at the top of half its entire weight, of bending to an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon and returning to the perpendicular without the least straining of its structure or base.

Beyond the rolling level, on the further hill, several fields have already been reaped and stand in trim lines of close-set shocks. There are few handsomer foregrounds to a landscape of the civil sort than the set-up sheaves along the stubble. The rigid symmetry which shows where man has resumed his control of the fruits of the ground is in noticeable contrast with the standing corn before the wind, grown while we slept, with hardly a touch of our hands since the roller closed the mould about the shoots in spring. The contrast is fruitful in reflections upon the several shares of man and nature in their partnership or—as the figure may very well be varied—the chances of their perpetual war. Beyond the reaped fields the country shows the heavy and opaque colouring of the turning year. The oaks, though here and there they are flushed bronze or brighter green with the midseason shoot, are for the most part sombre masses of black-green; leaves are harsh and dry. The pastures and cleared hayfields have never put on this summer the tanned colour of more sunburnt years; but the ground beneath the grass is still hard as rock, its chapped cracks scarcely yet healed by the recent rain. The grey cool day of drying wind typifies the doubtful stand of the weather; it should be by now the full ripening-time of the year, the seasonable drought which hardens the swelled grain and turns the kernels brown and burns the flush on apple and pear. On this side of the hedge the gardener finds his consolation in the reaper's anxiety; recalcitrant by profession against the usual course of autumnal suns, he sees this year an easy hope for his unseasonable greenstuff; he who so often has had to extort from an adust September and its concocting heat the succulent fibre and cool sap of his desire. It seems that for once he is to have his yellow-hearted lettuces—lettuces that refuse to bolt even in this now-or-never hour of seeding-time—his turnips with no fiery tang nor woody splinters in the core, his careful provision of succession-broccoli achieved without the endless labour of the water-can. There are, of course, matters wherein he shares the ploughman's prayer for sunshine: the pears on the south wall will yet wait for a later warmth, but the gages are still of too crude a green, and delay to put on their marbled red. But in certain things he has the advantage of his science; the melons under the lights colour reasonably in their arbitrary drought, the syringe artfully withheld till the vines almost wither on their hills. As summers have gone of late, the gardener had rarely had his turn as against the harvester; and he deserves his compensation, on more grounds than one. There is a long-standing heresy which rates the gardener's craft as a sort of toy beside the labours of the husbandman, forgetful of the first principles of things; and until the ultimate restoration of the proper balance, a day of the small things, for once in a way, will do no serious harm.

The tiller of the lesser ground is not the only man to repine when the circle of the year withers his petunias or mildews his peas, that it may plump and burnish the grain beyond his hedge. With too many of us, in our personal flourishing, the confusion of the blooming and the fruiting stages is the cause of grave misdirections of energy. We do not learn all the morals which we might from the cycles and epicycles of nature's economy. Country people, tillers of the soil, may perhaps come to understand something of the larger revolutions of hot and cold, wet and dry, which move beyond the round of yearly change. Anyone who has observed the face of a country—not too large a region; a wide valley or range of hills within the reach, say, of a day's walk—for several years, will know the alterations of rise and fall caused by vicissitudes of weather. He may have seen the early meadow-orchis thicken spring by spring in a certain low pasture, till the whole field was purple with the flower, and again decline till hardly a spike can be found in the grass; the wood hyacinths, once precious and worth a pilgrimage to two or three copses, run through half the shaws and colonise meadows and hedge-sides: he will be acquainted with the accommodations by which plagues and vermin seem to arrange their fat and lean years—the relations of slug and wasp, mildew and rust, or the larger and more obscure balances of such endemics as canker or club-root. Patient observers on this wider scale will guess how the drenched summer which makes havoc

of their wheatfields, and the brazen drought which shrivels their garden-stuff, may be only parts of a necessary machinery of correction and preparation, shaping the means of life for, it may be, the tenth generation. It is something if our thoughts can shift the burden of rust or blight from the barren instant to the teeming years to come; it is not difficult, with some practice, to acquiesce in a shadowless drought or the succession of Atlantic storms which sets the drenched sheaves sprouting in the stubble, while one thinks of the larger circle working out the due return—the check, perhaps, to hostile hordes threatening our fruits, or the replenishing of subsoil cellarages which had run perilously low. This broader view may probably be acquired by most people who can use their senses in the open air with a certain amount of application; but it needs a further touch of philosophy to meet the inevitable day when we come to understand that our private arc stops short of the reach of the larger curve, that there are blights and wastings, heats and frosts, which as far as our observations are concerned are ultimate, with no repair by departing or returning clouds, no renewals in grey mornings or clear sunrise. The proper balance of mind for such considerations is soonest caught by people who are in the last resort neither gardeners nor farmers, who can sit on the bench by the hedge and moralise both the successions of the vegetable plots and the procession of the cornfield's waves into useful symbols of the generations of men.

#### GRIFFON VULTURES.—II.

THE typical griffon's nest is placed in a cavern, when a cavern is to be found, which partly explains their marked predilection for the sandstone cliffs of southern Spain rather than the limestone, which offer fewer suitable sites. Failing however a cavern or deep fissure, these birds will nest on an open ledge or on the big terraces which are found on some of the great cliffs.

The nests have a foundation of big sticks, dried branches of trees and of heather, the platform varying from two feet to four feet in diameter. Some have a fairly neatly formed basin about fifteen inches across, lined with dried tufts of grass, palmetto, &c., whilst others have but little more than a central depression amid a collection of the stiff quill feathers which the old birds have obviously gathered from some adjacent griffons' roosting-station. Griffons lay as a rule early in February, although I have seen eggs a month earlier and have taken fresh eggs in March and April and, still more rarely, in May. Most probably those found in April and later are a second laying, due to the first having been taken. On one occasion I watched no less than ten pairs of these birds busily engaged in bringing materials to their nests; this was on 24 January; I was therefore not a little puzzled at seeing them some three months later carrying good-sized leafy branches, freshly broken from cork and ilex trees, to the cliffs.

The griffon often carries its nesting materials in the beak, the foot not being so well adapted for such a purpose. The appearance of these great birds steadily winging their way to some crag with a leafy branch of ilex a foot or more in length held in the beak is absurdly suggestive of the curious mediæval pictures of the dove returning to the Ark with the olive branch. For some years I imagined that the birds when thus engaged were building a new nest in spite of the lateness of the season. One day however after seeing a vulture enter a cavern, branch in beak, I climbed up to it and found a newly-lined nest, the infant vulture in it having been provided with an entirely new change of bedding in the form of freshly cut branches of green ilex and of heather placed on the top of the dirty and much-used nest. Since then I have repeatedly come across other vultures of similar sanitary sense. Cliffs much frequented by griffons as nesting-stations are far from being ideal spots, and the pungent smell of death and decay which pervades them is one of the minor trials the enthusiastic naturalist has to bear during the course of his studies.



The egg is of considerable size and very globular in shape, measuring nearly four inches by three and a half inches. The young when first hatched-out are lumps of white down with black bead-like eyes. They rapidly increase in size; when only two weeks old they weigh five pounds and their primary feathers begin to show, whilst the neck feathers, which eventually form the "ruff", are distinctly visible. When the climber suddenly comes across a young griffon in the nest, no matter how large it may be—and they remain in the nest for some months and until nearly fully grown—it instantly simulates death by throwing itself flat in the nest with its head lying in a dislocated fashion on one side, remaining motionless thus for some minutes. If however the intruder persists in remaining in the vicinity it adopts more active and stringent methods of inducing him to withdraw, which are as unexpected as they are unpleasant. For, after recovering consciousness as quickly as it had pretended to lose it, it makes a series of bows accompanied by a regurgitating process which quickly ends in the rejection of the whole of its last meal! When one considers what this must have been, it is best left to the imagination what it is like when thus presented to the too importunate naturalist.

I made the discovery of this pretty habit in a very simple fashion. It was the first time I had got among the young vultures and I was naturally much interested in seeing a young bird, which had most assuredly never set eyes on a human being before, instantly sham death upon detecting my approach. Having got out my camera and taken a picture of it in this position at a few feet range, I proceeded to wedge the camera on a rock so as to take a time-exposure. The ledge I was on was narrow and behind me was space, the foot of the crag lying some hundreds of feet below. It was at the critical moment when I was deeply engrossed in the usual agonies of hand-camera work that my "subject", rising from its simulated trance, made me a present of its last meal! Since then I have seen many young griffons and have suffered much from their manners and customs, but the memory of that first introduction to one of them and of my hasty departure upwards, for to retire backwards was impossible, lives with me still.

When moved or disturbed they utter a feeble twittering call. The beautiful white ruff around the gaunt neck of a griffon is a sign of maturity. As a nestling and during the first and second years it certainly has a ruff, but in place of being one of fine white down it is composed of fulvous lanceolate feathers. The exact period when these give way to the adult plumage is uncertain, but I have proved by the bird I kept, and which now figures at the British Museum, that the change does not come into effect at any rate before the third year. On the other hand I have seen parent griffons who wore the immature feather ruff in place of the white down one. From their movements I imagined them to be males; certainly all the females I have put off nests near enough to see their plumage wore the white ruff. An adult griffon weighs about eighteen and a half pounds (not forty pounds as recent writers on Spain have asserted), and the expanse of wing varies from eight to nine feet; when on the wing the tips of their primaries are widely separated like the extended fingers of one's hand. This and the extreme shortness and squareness of the tail are noticeable features, and render it easy to identify them at great distances.

I have often been asked whether these great birds ever show fight when their nests and young are molested. As a matter of fact they never do, but it took me some time before I realised that they are far too much alarmed at the presence of man to attempt to attack him. It is of course obvious enough that a bird of such size and weight, and capable of moving with such velocity, could by a well-timed swoop easily dislodge a man from any dangerous ledge, where both hand-hold and foot-hold are alike uncertain, only the fact remains that they never think of such a thing. Those who have not penetrated into their haunts can hardly imagine the loud rustling sound they produce by their movements through the air as they approach their nests; at times when I have been safely ensconced at the back of some cavern on the face of a cliff waiting for a chance of a photograph, the

griffons which had been sailing around high above the cliff, emboldened at seeing nobody about, have come swooping down to inspect their nests with a noise which can best be likened to a powerful steam-blast; this, heard for the first time, is decidedly startling. Sometimes when I have been climbing along the face of a crag a griffon has suddenly rounded a corner of the cliff, gliding within a few feet of me, with outspread and apparently motionless wings, its fierce-looking head and eye bent inquiringly towards me. On such occasions, the instant it detected my presence it would heel over in its flight, and by a few strokes denoting extraordinary strength sweep upwards and away. Once only has a griffon attacked me, and that was a wounded bird. I had shot one from its nest for our Museum, and on going to the foot of the cliff to pick it up suddenly came across the poor bird lying amid the giant heath with a broken wing. The instant it saw me it made one spring, and before I could parry its advance seized my arm near the shoulder in its powerful beak, tearing a hole in both coat and shirt, inflicting an unpleasant wound, and repeating the attack with great determination before I could despatch it.

It has ever been a marvel to travellers and naturalists how and where the immense number of vultures seen in the countries they inhabit can find food enough. It is no uncommon sight in southern Spain to see eighty or more collected around a single dead beast. Not long since a cow died during the night close to my dwelling, and next morning there were seventy griffons ready to commence work upon it. Small wonder that, with such a ravenous throng ever ready to perform the funeral obsequies, it takes but a short time for the carcass of horse or cow to disappear. On the other hand, I shall never understand why a dead animal is at times left untouched for weeks by the vultures, though this is so. One of the most curious gatherings of vultures I have seen was a large party in waiting on a drowned pig, which lay some few yards from the shore of a lake, half-stranded in the shallows. First one and then another griffon would attempt to alight upon it, when it naturally rolled over, dislodging the first comer, whose place was quickly taken by a second. At times the birds engaged in a furious duel over the carcass, beating the water into foam with their huge wings and giving vent to frantic twitterings—a curious call for so large and savage a bird.

When not in search of food, griffons commonly collect in parties of from ten to thirty and perch on the summit of some crag, whence they can keep a good look-out. Should the weather be wet and wild they are much addicted to roosting in some of the big caverns among the Sierras. In windy weather they collect in the more sheltered valleys and sit on the top of the cork-trees, often only twenty to twenty-five feet above the ground. I know of some quiet valleys where, if a strong wind be blowing, I am sure of seeing over thirty vultures thus at rest, especially after three o'clock of an afternoon, which seems to be the hour when they usually discontinue their marvellous aerial reconnaissances in quest of carrion.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PLAYGROUNDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol, 28 Aug.

SIR,—Do any old-fashioned Tories survive in England, who love the people and would show their love by benefit enuring to a future generation?

I am on the committee of a reformatory school. We are very proud of our boys and of their after-success in life, spite of the fact that over our last period of four years a percentage of three failed. We call the success of only ninety-seven in a hundred a failure. But we still think that, taking the known facts into consideration, our success is greater than that of ordinary provided or non-provided schools.

What is our system?

Our hundred and fifty boys have an excellent gymnasium : a large swimming-bath : a football and cricket field : a playground of over an acre. More than this : each one has a tooth-brush and each one uses it daily—or there is a row. This is our system. We build our physical foundation first, and then proceed to our business of mental development.

I say it is this system of first making a physical foundation before erecting brainwork which alone can result in making good citizens : “*si monumentum queris*” come to our school and “*circumspice*”. And I say that to leave the majority of the hundreds of thousands of our children in provided and non-provided schools to play out of school hours, like hooligans, on the public roads, with sticks for bats and stones for balls, while the adventurous minority have to seek distraction in trespass and in the acquisition—by devouring their neighbours’ apples—of stomach-ache, results in the building of a rotten physical foundation for character which is useless for after moral or mental superstructure. Is there one single man of means from Land’s End to John o’ Groat’s who would send his children to a school where, however well taught in school hours, they were turned out daily for pastime to the dust of the public roads?

There are hundreds if not thousands of the rich who spend hundreds if not thousands of pounds yearly on the care of birds, dogs and horses and on the purchase and culinary preparation of delicacies for their own stomachs—though I must admit these edible experiments result, altruistically, in benefit conferred on the proprietors of German baths. And of these rich men it is true for the great majority that, not far from the country residence of each one of them, there exists a school for children where no provision is made for the physical recreation of the children out of school hours. And yet—quin et Ixion, Tityosque vultû risit invito—these very rich men complain of the “little devils” when they trespass from the dust of public roads or annex apples!

I charge this as a public iniquity. I say nothing of baths or well-appointed gymnasiums—in the richest country of the world we can expect such things only for the few who have slipped because of poverty, or who have not slipped because born of wealth—but I do speak of reasonable playgrounds, reasonable means for pastime, reasonable and inexpensive gymnasiums. The rich can provide such things : they can provide them, even, without interfering with their own amusing pursuits—or pursuits of amusement.

Is there one village school where there are not near men of means who could easily raise £500? Would any member of the Carlton or the Reform reply? Or is every farthing earmarked for the care of birds and horses and dogs, or the manning of that unsailable ship—the bowsprit inextricably mixed up with the rudder—politics?

Seriously, the evil is a very grave one. The remedy is simple and it lies in the hands of the rich.

I am, yours, &c.,

A heartless Tory,  
F. C. CONSTABLE.

#### STAPLE INN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your reviewer’s admirable digest of my book he lays stress upon my having stated that Lady Jane Grey was the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. I have not said so. What I did say was that John Dudley, to whom the Old Temple, next to Staple Inn, had been granted, was afterwards created Earl of Northumberland and was the father of Lady Jane Grey.

The introduction of the name Dudley should be sufficient indication that the subsequent word “father” (which was quite the usual term in those days to express his relationship to Lady Grey) means in this connexion “father-in-law” (a term then in use only as applied to step-fathers).

But I have no desire to cavil at one who throughout the whole of his review has so amply illustrated his competence for able criticism. I desire rather an opportunity of mentioning further facts respecting

Staple Inn which have recently come to my knowledge and which may be of interest to some of your readers.

It appears that Richard Sturry, the first mayor of the Staple, in 1313, was also a lawyer and was Proctor to Edward II.; also that after the death of Richard Starkolf, in 1333, Staple Halle came into the possession of William Elsing, another wool-stapler, who was the founder of S. Mary’s Hospital, known otherwise as “Elsyngspittle”; and that after the latter’s death the Halle was held by Thomas de Brenchesle, a lawyer, whose duties were to apprehend any offenders against the Ordinance of the Staple and bring them before the King’s Council. This man was also appointed for a time, with others, to supervise the state of the King’s staple or market in Flanders. Evidence as to this and other like information I hope to be able shortly to publish.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

E. WILLIAMS.

#### “WANTED—A RICH FRANCISCAN.”

A Monsieur l’Editeur de la SATURDAY REVIEW.

La Maisonnnette, par S. Sauveur de Montagut  
(Ardèche), France, 26 août, 1907.

MONSIEUR,—Voudriez-vous me permettre de vous dire l’étonnement que j’ai éprouvé en lisant la lettre de M. J. M. Brodhead dans la SATURDAY REVIEW du 17 août?

Si votre honorable correspondant avait lu avec attention ma lettre dans le n° du 27 juillet, il n’aurait pas eu de peine à voir, je pense, que je n’y parlais que de couvents italiens. Je puis lui donner l’assurance que les paroles “ont été abandonnés” ne constituent à aucun degré un euphémisme et qu’en Italie “quelques-uns des couvents franciscains les plus glorieux par leurs souvenirs ont été abandonnés ces derniers temps par les Franciscains et sont à vendre au plus offrant, y compris leurs églises et les corps saints qu’elles renferment”.

Quant à ma lettre au Cardinal Gibbons, j’ai cherché à y mettre, non des thèses, mais des faits, et j’ai eu le plaisir de constater que les plus importantes de mes affirmations (celles qui concernaient la 1<sup>re</sup> assemblée de l’épiscopat français) ont été confirmées par une lettre de Sa Grandeur l’Archevêque de Besançon qui a fait quelque bruit en Angleterre.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l’expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

PAUL SABATIER.

#### THE ARMY IN MOROCCO AND FRENCH ANTI-RELIGIOUS POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 August, 1907.

SIR,—If English people could be with the forces under General Drude in Morocco they might see for themselves something of the seamy side of French anti-Christian legislation. The French army being deprived of its chaplains both in the field and in the military hospitals, it is at the present critical time impossible for French soldiers—be they Catholics, Protestants, or Jews—to obtain the ministrations of the clergy of their respective denominations on the battlefield at the hour of death or by the graveside. An instance of this occurred not a fortnight ago, when, had it not been for the presence of a Catholic soldier, the unfortunate man who was killed at the opening of the present campaign near Casablanca (a member of the Foreign Legion, if I err not) would have been buried without any religious rites. As it was, the graveside service merely consisted of some brief prayers charitably said by the afore-mentioned trooper. Surely even the most prejudiced in favour of the French Government must admit that the aim of those who suppressed the army chaplains can only have been the complete subtraction of the French soldier from any form of Theism : to win the favour of the present Government they must live and die atheists. Now, therefore, let these “men in the street” (and in some vicarages also) who admire and condone the actions of the French Cabinet consider what would be their feelings if the discontinuance of army chaplaincies



—Catholic or Protestant—to the British Forces in time of war was even suggested in Parliament, let alone enforced—would they approve of it?

Yours very truly,  
RICHARD DAVEY.

#### WHY OR?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Few things are more annoying than the presentation of an unreal alternative. Long ago in one's early childhood, when one had been asked out to tea, and food was in sight, how one loathed the question: "Will you have butter or jam?" One wanted both. And so in later life one was presented by one's pastors and masters with the tale of Hercules and his choice—the two ladies at the dividing of the ways. One really wanted to carry both those damsels along with one. The poor Roman lad of yore must have had similar feelings when the stoical upilon was offered to his consideration. And so it goes on through the ages. The religious fanatic cries "All truth is on my side", and the scoffer cries "Nay, on mine". Now "both", and "neither" are much more philosophical replies than "either . . . or". It is only in the exact sciences that these are admissible.

The above original reflections were aroused by the present contention that the required increase of revenue must be attained by the broadening or the deepening of existing channels. Why not by both? There is nothing inconsistent in tariff reform and the increase of death-duties and income-tax. Tariff reform would no doubt be an excellent thing, but so would an income-tax that rose by geometrical progression. Fortunes of over (say) £1,000,000 should be rendered automatically impossible. The true principle of fisc were to go for money where money is. But it is equally true that taxation should consult the interest of the producers before that of the mere consumers, and it is via protection that we shall attain something like real free trade. So let us adopt the fiscal principles of the tariff reformers and of the labour party. They are not mutually exclusive.

I am, Sir, yours,  
J. H. HALLARD.

#### THE EXPORT TAX ON COAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 August, 1907.

SIR,—As you correctly observe, there are several views of the effect of this tax on prices and volume of exports of coal and upon the justice or otherwise of its remission last November. It may be true that the view of the Unionist party is that the withdrawal of the export duty, by cheapening the cost of coal to the foreigner, led to increased demand, which in turn led to increase in prices; with that I am not so much concerned.

What does concern me is whether the Unionist view as there expounded, or the "more general view" referred to shortly after as regarding the increase in both exports and prices as due to the extraordinary wave of prosperity which has been enjoyed by every industrial country during the last two years, is the correct view.

In spite of your assertion that evidence is now overwhelming that practically the entire duty was paid by the foreign consumer, I respectfully submit that not only is that unsupported by any reasonable proof, but that the weight of evidence is decidedly the other way—that is, to the effect that where the British merchant insisted on the 1s. tax being paid by the foreign consumer he lost much of his trade, or if he kept his trade it was because (as the Coal Tax Executive Committee of 1905 found) he paid the tax to retain his trade.

The following figures will show that there is nothing abnormal about the present boom in exports:

	1894- Tons.	1900- Tons.	1906- Tons.
British Coal Exports .....	31,756,000	44,089,000	55,630,000
Of which to Germany.....	3,848,000	5,938,000	7,592,000

Here we see nothing but normal development, whereas if the export tax had crippled the export trade, seeing that virtually the whole of the period 1901-1906 was subject to the effect of the tax, we ought to have seen a great shrinkage of exports. As we have not seen such shrinkage, it is difficult to see how the removal of the tax can be responsible for the recovery from an injury which never was felt, that is so far as quantities are concerned. Why many of us who all our lives have been associated with the coal industry regard the removal of this particular tax upon one of our greatest industries with pleasure and satisfaction is because we are satisfied that the injustice of the tax lay in the fact that, generally speaking, it was paid out of the wages, profits and freight charges, &c., of the 1,000,000 of workers of all kinds whose livelihood depends upon coal production and consumption.

Now if the export tax was paid, as you believe, by the foreign consumer, then its repeal ought to have had the effect of reducing British coal to foreign consumers, instead of which all the consular reports from Germany and France which deal with this question are virtually unanimous in asserting that the repeal of the tax had no effect on prices. We learn from them that after the first year of the tax (1901) prices were ruled by the demands of market conditions and prices and were 1s. to 2s. per ton lower in 1905 than in 1901, and that immediately after 1 November last year prices rose in Germany 2s. 6d. per ton. At Bordeaux the increased imports of British coal were attributed by "the better opinion" to the world's trade assuming proportions which brought about great tension. These same reports confirm this view by showing how the scarcity of labour in Germany and the strikes in France led to the imperative demand for British coal in excess of previous years. Therefore had the tax still been operative, it would not have checked British exports to any appreciable extent, owing first to the fact that the whole industry, generally speaking, had resigned itself to the extortion of the tax from their earnings as producers, owners or merchants, and secondly to the fact that Britain, being less fully occupied than any other European industrial nation, could easily expand her output of coal to meet the unprecedented demands of Germany chiefly, France and the rest of Europe. I am in thorough agreement with you when you say we pay too much attention to the economics of the export trade, and too little to our home trade; still I cannot see how the infliction of an export tax on just one commodity, and that one a very competitive one in European markets, can help us to a wiser vision. To me it is not by way of export taxes which extract money from just one class of the community, but by the imposition of import taxes on competing commodities, that that wiser vision is destined to come; then we may, through expansion of home industries, keep our coal at home for our own consumption and leave our competitors to their own natural resources in that direction.

WILLIE DYSON.

#### IRISH THREATS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Redmond's threat in the House of agrarian war in Ireland, whether pre-arranged with Mr. Birrell or not, shows that the Nationalist Parliamentary party will try to restore its waning strength by renewing the tactics of twenty years ago. If systematic intimidation and outrage provoke what is called "coercion", if the spirit of civil war is revived, there is some chance that the independent Nationalist critics of the party will be silenced. The sufferings of innocent people and the retardation of real progress in Ireland do not count with the party tacticians. To justify the Parliamentary policy before the Irish electorate it is necessary to wring legislation of a special kind from a reluctant Parliament. The Evicted Tenants Bill, even without the Lords' amendments, was a small return for the cost of keeping a salaried party at Westminster. Probably we shall soon see the balance redressed in the usual way hinted at by Mr. Birrell.

Yours, &c.,  
IRISHMAN.

## REVIEWS.

## THE HISTORIC SENSE OF THE EGYPTIANS.

"Ancient Records of Egypt." By James Henry Breasted.  
Fifth Vol. Chicago: At the University Press. \$3 net.

IT has been the fashion to assert that the ancient Egyptians did not possess the historical sense. In contrast to the Babylonians or Assyrians they are said to have been careless about the registration of events or an exact record of time. History was to them merely subject-matter for a novel, and their year was like that of the modern Arabs perpetually shifting and vague. Their thoughts were turned to the next world rather than to this, and the fortunes of the disembodied soul were of more consequence in their eyes than the politics of this sublunar world. They were philosophers, not historians or chronologists, and just as we find in India systems of philosophy instead of history, so in ancient Egypt we must expect to find the germs of modern metaphysical theories and not lists of dynasties or chronicles of events. The Babylonians were a commercial people for whom therefore the accurate dating of contracts and other legal documents was of primary importance; the Assyrians were a great military State keenly interested in keeping a record of its conquests and victories; but the Egyptians were merely agriculturists whose seasons repeated themselves with a monotonous uniformity and for whom therefore one year resembled another.

We have been reminded of the assertion by the publication of Professor Breasted's "Ancient Records of Egypt", the final volume of which containing the indices has lately appeared. It is a monumental work, of which any country might be proud, and the University of Chicago is to be congratulated upon finding the scholar to achieve it and providing the means to give it to the world. Every inscription or fragment of papyrus bearing upon the history of Pharaonic Egypt has been laid under contribution; Professor Breasted has himself re-examined and revised the texts of most of them, and the translations have been made in accordance with the latest doctrines of grammatical Egyptology. How the work can have been accomplished in so comparatively short a space of time is a marvel.

But there are two facts which it brings forcibly home to us. First, how little there is in native Egyptian literature which can be called really historical. The greater number of the texts translated by Professor Breasted are historical only in the sense of embodying historical allusions or being drawn up in the name of some particular Pharaoh. The inscriptions are full of endless catalogues of unmeaning epithets applied to the king; about the actual deeds of the king there is next to nothing. The historian looks to them for bread and receives only a stone.

Second, that, so far as agreement among the Egyptologists is concerned, Egyptian chronology is just where it was a century ago. Professor Breasted is himself an ardent disciple of the new Berlin school, in spite of the impossibility of reconciling the contracted chronology of the school with the number of successive kings who are now known from the monuments to have reigned. Between the chronology of the Berlin school and that of the historical and archaeological school represented by Professor Flinders Petrie in this country and by Dr. von Bissing and Professor Wiedemann—the chief living authority on Egyptian history—in Germany there is, for the earlier Egyptian period, a difference of two thousand years. It is true that the Berlin school, like Professor Petrie, professes to found its dating on an astronomical calculation; but the calculation has already gone the way of its predecessors, Mr. Gardiner's examination of the papyri at Turin having shown that the Egyptians were not even consistent in their naming of the months.

The historian might well exclaim that with such a people it is impossible for him to deal. The belief in their want of the historical sense seems fully justified. And yet the conclusion would be over-hasty. Certain facts have come to light which prove that after all the old Egyptians did keep an exact register of time and

that they knew the difference between history and romance as well as we.

On the walls of Karnak are extracts from the annals of Thothmes III., the great conqueror of the eighteenth dynasty. They are annals of the most approved historical character, and are drawn up with all the jejune exactitude of a modern chronicle. But it could be urged that they are not Egyptian either in conception or in form. There are evidences that the memoranda from which they were compiled were originally made in the cuneiform characters of Babylonia, and we know that the conquest of Western Asia had already introduced Asiatic ideas and customs into Egypt. The same might be said of the historical notices in some of the sepulchral inscriptions of the period: they too might be due to Asiatic influence.

But it is different with another fact that has recently come to light,—the existence of a chronological record which goes back to the very beginning of the united monarchy. On a mutilated monument, now in the Museum of Palermo, is a chronological table in which every successive year was registered from the first year of Menes to that of the king of the fifth dynasty, in whose reign the text was engraved. The system of dating had been borrowed from Babylonia, every year being named from the chief event or events that characterised it; but the Egyptian annalist further added in every year the height of the Nile, and from the third dynasty onwards increased the number of recorded events, so that the record became a veritable chronicle. Ivory tablets of the first dynasty dated in accordance with the system have been found at Abydos, and there is one dated monument which may even go back to a period earlier than Menes.

We thus have evidence that from the very earliest period of their history the Egyptians possessed a chronology and a year that was sufficiently fixed to be used for the purposes of dating. The famous Turin papyrus which contained a list of the kings and dynasties with dates attached is further evidence that this chronology was continued down at least to the age of Rameses II., the contemporary of Moses, and that there were Egyptians who still took an interest in it. Whatever may have been the case with the majority of the people, the Government continued to register the years, and works on chronology were written.

The accusation, therefore, that the ancient Egyptians were wanting in the historical sense must be withdrawn, so far at all events as a portion of the educated class was concerned, and we must seek another explanation of the want of historical materials that so vexes the Egyptologist of to-day. And the explanation is not hard to find. Our knowledge of ancient Egypt is mainly drawn from its temples and tombs. Fragments only of what may be termed its secular literature have been preserved to us, and their preservation has been due to accident. Of Books of the Dead or theological inanities there is abundance; of anything which does not belong to the temple or the tomb there is but little. And we have only to consider how much or how little we should know of English history were our materials for it confined to tombstones and the walls of churches in order to understand why so little is still known of ancient Egyptian history. Other kings besides Thothmes III. must have left behind them their annals written on parchment or papyrus, but they were not profane or powerful enough to have them inscribed on the walls of the temples in place of the time-honoured praises of the gods. Perhaps we may yet find a library in which they have been preserved, and discover that even in Egypt there were historians and a history.

## A CENTURY OF RUSSIAN OPERA.

"A History of Russian Music—Vocal, Dramatic, Instrumental, Sacred—from the Seventeenth Century to the Present Time." To be completed in Six Volumes. By Vsevolod Chesikhin. Vol. 2. Russian Opera. Moscow: P. Jurgenson. Price 24 roubles net.

IN music as in literature Russia is the youngest of modern countries. One or even two centuries is a brief enough period for any art to mature into a definite and representative school of sufficient magnitude for



serious critical analysis and comparison. M. Cheshihin's history now in course of publication is the first attempt by a native at gathering together and appraising in an exhaustive and consecutive manner the main currents of Russian music. The second volume deals solely with the remarkable growth and establishment of Russian opera, at present a unique element in the national life. Various importations of this opera to England have hitherto, it must be confessed, proved conspicuous by their non-success. During last year, for example, one or two ludicrously un-Russian travesties of Tchaikovsky's "Evguénie Onéguine" were given in London. Several Russian witnesses of these efforts remarked almost weepingly to the writer of this article that they sincerely hoped it would be a very considerable time before any English "management" again sought its repertoire in Russia.

From the latter half of the seventeenth century onwards opera had become a fashionable amusement at the Russian Court. Italy being the earliest home of this purely European type of art, Italian composers and singers were cordially encouraged, and apparently to the total exclusion of any development of dormant native talent. Yet by the middle of the eighteenth century a few meagre germs of a native opera showed signs of life, and this thanks to the impetus supplied by that vigorous and eclectic sovereign Catharine II. (1762-1796). Catharine sought her chief recreation from State affairs by dabbling in art. She not only wrote plays, but compiled numerous opera libretti, which she preferred to have set and performed by Russians. In this way some sixty Russian operas, or rather vaudevilles, are said to have been produced during her reign. Except however that the libretti were written in Russian there seems to have been little or nothing to distinguish these beginnings from the Italian models upon which they were obviously based. Their composers had been nurtured too unstintingly with foreign culture. The musical spirit and the quaint vein of poetry indwelling in the people were beneath their ken. They neither knew nor wished to know of the wealth of songs and horovodi; of builini and skazki, which formed an art in themselves, circulating amongst the peasantry, and born of the climate and atmosphere of steppe and forest and river. Thus it was not until the nineteenth century was well on its way that a great modern school of Russian opera can be said to have developed—adequate to take its place beside the schools of Italy, France and Germany, and even perhaps in some instances to out-distance the work of the rest of Europe. Russian opera, it should be noticed, came into being side by side with the growth of modern Russian literature. The first authors of that literature—Kruilov, Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turguéniev—and composers such as Glinka, Dargomizhski, Mussorgski, Borodine, or Tchaikovsky, belonged to the same century. They were colleagues too, not merely chronologically, but in their full sympathy and powers of expressing varied phases of the native temperament. To the educated art-loving Russian the literature and opera of his country are upon one and the same level of culture, intellectually and emotionally. In opera libretti he expects literary and poetic merit, linked with appropriate musical beauty and significance. The task of combining these qualities is a problem which already confronted exponents of opera before the era of Gluck, nor would one by any means assert that the Russians have wholly solved the problem. But it may be suggested that in the main they have come nearer to the ideal than has been accomplished elsewhere, except perhaps by Debussy with his "Pelléas et Mélisande," or by Charpentier with "Louise". The operas of Tchaikovsky, for instance, properly understood and interpreted, are as much psychological studies of character as are the writings of Turguéniev. Tchaikovsky's compatriots indeed have styled him the Turguéniev of music.

Studied comparatively as an item in the general history of European music, it is seen that the period of inception of the Russian school was distinctly favourable to its rapid advancement. Musical technique, whether vocal or instrumental, had already reached a very high stage of perfection, and was readily appropriated by a quick-witted and

receptive race. Nor has the Russian musical genius ever been held back by hampering considerations of music as an architectural structure rather than the most sensitive and flexible language of the emotions. In Russia, as in France, the formal structure of the symphony has never received the systematic encouragement given it from generation to generation in Germany; and many national characteristics would naturally direct the trend of Russian composition especially towards opera. The Russians, like the Welsh, are a people of vocal instincts. "Where there is a Slav woman there also is a song", runs the native proverb; and the Russian language, rich in dramatic consonants and soft open vowels, certainly lends itself to the formation of what may be termed a vocal throat. Moreover the people are accustomed from their earliest days to hearing pure and well-harmonised singing in the unaccompanied liturgy for which the Russian Orthodox Church is famous. Hence a Russian composer, basing his art upon racial features, would look upon the highest phases of music as vocal and not instrumental. For this reason the Wagnerian cult, which has spread through the rest of Europe, not even being escaped in Italy, has exercised no appreciable influence in Russia. To the Russian, opera remains primarily a lyrical art, whilst he esteems Wagnerian music drama as a direct symphonic culmination, a logical sequence to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and the Teutonic machinery of Wagner's allegorical symbolism can be boring if not absolutely antagonistic to the Slav nature. In musical psychology the Russian composer brings his whole capabilities to bear upon the minute characterisation of his actors upon the stage. But to heighten and intensify the psychological truth of his presentments he readily employs every possible aid from orchestra and scenery.

It should be mentioned that he often entitles his work "dramatic", or it may be "lyrical scenes". These scenes are closely enchainé; and his endeavour to produce effects—the natural and intelligent outcome the one of the other—at once suggests a unity altogether missed in the old school of Italian opera. This of course was also the unity aimed at by Wagner. But the union attained in Russian opera is arrived at by the voice parts; and the method of unity employed renders these even more indivisible and still more meaningless in detached concert excerpts than is the case with Wagnerian music drama. Mihail Ivanovich Glinka (1804-1857), the founder of modern Russian music, made his reputation by two operas, "Jizn za Tsaria" and "Rousslan i Luidmilla". He was the first composer to appreciate the melody, harmony, rhythm, and polyphony of the songs of the people, and to assimilate these traits in his art. It was only during his last years, and after spending much of his life in a vain attempt to reconcile Italian and German methods with his own instinctively national feeling, that Glinka's style became sufficiently homogeneous for him to produce these two operas. Both were too strange and new in their spirit to achieve immediate success. They were in fact fiascos at the time: "Pfiu, mais ça sent le paysan" was the not unpenetrating caustic witticism of a Russian courtier, applied to "Jizn za Tsaria". Glinka's work, oddly enough, was perhaps first understood in its true scope by the two foreigners Berlioz and Liszt. He had been in his grave for some years before the nation at large realised that he had achieved for its music what Pushkin and Gogol had accomplished for its literature. The "Jizn za Tsaria" has no parallel in the music of other countries. It could only be voiced in a country where autocracy, the Church and democracy, in spite of any transient revolutionary upheavals, continue pivoted, dependent upon each other. A gala performance of this opera is never omitted upon any occasion of general rejoicing or national commemoration. In Glinka's second opera "Rousslan i Luidmilla" there is less patriotism, but the music is of a bolder national style. It has been called the most eloquent amalgamation in music of Asiatic fantasy and European poetry. The subject, based upon an adaptation by Pushkin of an old Circassian builna, gave birth to the form of builna-opera which the contemporary composer Rimski-Korsakov has so well understood and realised in his "Sadko" or

his "Sneganotchka". Dargomizhski, with his "Rous-salka"; Borodine, with his "Kniaz Igor"; and Mussorgski, with "Boris Godunov", have equally well gone to the heart of Russian history or to the poetry of the people for their material and inspiration. Theirs are only the leading names connected with a century of Russian opera. The name of Rubinstein must be added. His work was not so much that of an essentially national composer as of an enthusiastic and capable organiser ever helpful in the wider diffusion of a national musical sentiment. A younger group of representative contemporaries are faithfully adhering to the traditions handed on to them.

The essence of mood and humour, which stamps art with individual and national traits of character, is perhaps unanalysable; and to define exactly the means whereby the Russians have created the unmistakeable national idiom in their work seems scarcely possible. Fully to enjoy Russian opera, one must without doubt know Russia, her people and her language. Here a question is raised as to the limitations or the intrinsic and durable qualities of nationalism in art. The subject is an interesting one, and open to discussion.

#### AN AMERICAN WITNESS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Gouverneur Morris, un témoin Américain de la Révolution Française." By A. Esmein, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 1906. 3fr.50.

THE drama of the French Revolution had no more competent observer than Gouverneur Morris. He arrived in France, as American Ambassador, on 27 January 1789, and left it on 14 October 1794. He was not during the whole of this time in Paris, but he witnessed some of the most exciting scenes of the tragedy. It is a pity that the diary which he kept during his residence in Europe, which lasted till October 1798, has not been published in its entirety. James Sparkes and Miss Morris, his granddaughter, have only given us fragments. Report says that the journal cannot be published as it stands. Morris was a good-looking man with the unique distinction of having a wooden leg. A comely ambassador of thirty-seven would at any time have attracted admirers, but the wooden leg proved an invincible charm. This singularity placed the beauty and fashion of Paris at his remaining foot. Morris was not a puritan, he accepted what the gods gave him, and he described his adventures minutely in his diary. It is possibly better that this intimate narrative should not be published in its native naïveté, although the difficulty has been got over in the case of Mr. Pepys. But what is published should be printed in full, and what is left out should be indicated as omitted. We hope that some day an historian devoted to research will give us yet another edition of this unique document, and will strike out nothing from it which he can possibly include.

In the present volume M. A. Esmein treats Gouverneur Morris as a witness and a critic of the Revolution, and places him by the side of Mallet du Pan. To us Morris is more valuable as an eye-witness than as a statesman. We prefer his narrative of things seen to his best political prophecies, which are generally false. Let us hear what he has to tell us of the meeting of the States General. On that momentous 5 May Morris entered the Hall of the Menus Plaisirs a little after eight and sat there in a cramped position till after twelve. Necker and the Duke of Orleans were loudly applauded when they entered the hall. The King at length arrived and took his seat. He sat, with his Ministers in front and the Queen and the Princes of the blood at his side, on a magnificent throne of purple and gold. He read a short speech with all the dignity and pride which could be expected from a Bourbon. He was interrupted by warm acclamations, which brought tears to Morris' eyes. The Queen wept or seemed to weep. Necker tries to play the orator but plays it ill; he reads with a bad accent and an ungraceful manner, and the reading is finished by a clerk. The speech is very lengthy, but is received with applause, which is loud, long and incessant. The King, on rising to depart, receives a

long and affecting "Vive le Roi". The Queen rises and hears for the first time in several months the sound of "Vive la Reine". She makes a low courtesy, and, being again applauded, a still lower courtesy. Very hungry, Morris gets some dinner, with difficulty, at a restaurant, where he has a conversation with some members of the Tiers Etat. He wishes them, very sincerely, a perfect accord and a good understanding with the other branches of the States General, and then sets off to Paris. Carlyle has scarcely brought the same scene more vividly before our eyes.

A letter to Washington gives a graphic account of the National Assembly. It is divided into three parts, one called the aristocrats, consisting of the high clergy, the noblesse de la robe, and such of the nobles as think they ought to form a separate order. The second division, which has as yet got no name, consists of all sorts of people, who are really favourable to popular government. The third is composed of the enragés, the madmen. The third is the most numerous, and consists of what in America is known as pettifogging lawyers, together with a host of curates, and of many of those who, in all revolutions, throng to the standard of change, because they are not well. This party is in close alliance with the populace. They have already unhinged everything. The torrent rushes on, irresistible, till it shall have spent itself. In the Assembly itself, half the time is spent in hollowing and bawling. Those who intend to speak write their names on a tablet, and are heard in the order that their names are written down, if the others will hear them, which they often refuse to do, keeping up a continual uproar till the orator leaves the pulpit. Every man permitted to speak delivers the result of his lucubrations, so that the opposing parties fire off their cartridges, and it is a million to one if their missile arguments happen to meet. The arguments are generally printed, therefore there is as much attention paid to make them sound and look well as to convey instruction or produce conviction. They have generally been read beforehand to a small society of men and women.

The account of the night of massacre in the Champ de Mars is not less picturesque. Sunday, 17 July, was a day of sweltering heat, with not a breath of air stirring. On that evening Morris stood on the Pont Royal and viewed Paris. The moon was bright, and there was a dead silence. The river descended gently through the bridges, between lofty houses, all illuminated by order of the police, the woods and distant hills rose on the other side. He reached the heights of Passy. The massacre was just over, but the air was full of the horror of it. Morris did not sympathise with the populace. The National Guard, which Morris calls the militia, carried the red flag. They would not ground their arms at the bidding of the mob. The mob pelted them with stones. To be paraded through the streets under a scorching sun, and then to stand like holiday turkeys and to be shot down like rabbits was a little more than they had patience to bear, so without waiting for orders they fired and killed a dozen or two, the rest ran off. Morris thinks that if they had waited for orders they would all have been cut down before they received any. Lafayette was very near being killed in the morning, but the pistol snapped at his breast. The assassin was immediately secured, but he ordered him to be discharged.

The volumes of Morris are full of these treasures. We may be glad that they have once more been brought before the notice of the French people, as a set-off against the exaggeratedly optimistic view of the Revolution which now prevails in that country.

#### CLIO WITH A SKIPPING-ROPE.

"Factors in Modern History." By A. F. Pollard. London: Constable. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

LECTURE-ROOM jocosity rather than professorial primness is the note of these chapters. There is even a pun, which we seem to have heard before, about principle and interest, and another, which appears to be new, about a barren land blooming with baronets. Gilbertian reminiscences such as, "In spite of all



temptations" etc., light up Professor Pollard's page, and his research has extended as far as "Alice in Wonderland". He also gives us a jape about the tipsy man's pronunciation of "British Constitution". This is all very delightful, no doubt; but where the manner is so jocular can we expect the matter to be profound?

What, for example, is gained by a great show of refuting vulgar errors—though the paradoxes in this book are fairly familiar to all educated people—if we are to be told that mediævals were unintellectual because they could not read or write, or that it is "one of our plutocratic notions that, while capitalists may conspire as much as they like to fleece the public in any way that seems convenient, workmen should not be allowed to combine at all"? This bit in the Keir-Hardie vein is actually printed in 1907! It is cheap and popular to suggest in disparagement of monasticism that it is "nobler to stay in the world to save the world than to go out of the world to save one's own soul", or to say that before the Reformation "no layman could be described as a churchman" merely because "churchman" was used (as it is in the Declaration prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles) as the equivalent of "ecclesiastic"—one whose duties are concerned with the Church, just as a coachman's duties are concerned with the coach. The laity took a far more intimate and intelligent part in the concerns of their parish and mother churches then than they do now. It may be true that Tudor Convocations failed to maintain ecclesiastical rights against King and Parliament because King and Parliament represented the secular sentiment of the now dominant middle classes. Yet in Scotland the identity of preachers and people meant a clericalist tyranny which, as Professor Pollard complains, was really a reaction to mediæval theocratic ideas against the modern conception of the State. The Professor is wrong, however, when he observes that there the assertion of the privilege of the pulpit was required to combat new regal pretensions of divine right. Divine right of kings had been from the time of Dante, Ockham and the Imperialists a counter theory to the magnificently overweening ecclesiasticism of Hildebrand and the Papalists, and in Scotland more than in England had to be urged against an intolerable alliance of Geneva with Jesuit against the Crown. This necessity, together with deepened and more mystical views of the constitution of human society, not, as Mr. Pollard seems to suggest, a natural predilection to despotic rule, led to the Stuart insistence on a doctrine as old as Homer and much older. Hereditary and primogenital right, no doubt, had gained strength since Plantagenet days. But was it ever thought that the succession could be voted away altogether from the seed royal, or was there ever a usurper who thought a parliamentary title sufficient without some more or less roundabout *de jure* claim as well? When the Scots king ascended the English throne in 1603, Henry VIII.'s dispositions and a plain Act of Parliament were brushed aside like gossamers. The eldest-born's right had no gainsayers.

Professor Pollard has something profitable for these times to say about the failure and misgovernment of Parliament at the end of the Middle Ages when its power was at its height. This era of incompetence was, as he says, the golden age to which popular orators appealed against Stuart personal rule. Henry VIII., the demagogue-despot, threw himself, in a period of nascent contract social ideas, upon the support of public opinion, and we think the Professor is right in regarding him as the saviour of parliamentary institutions when they lay discredited and impotent. But did Henry really subject the Church to Parliament to the extent which Mr. Pollard, whose sympathies are obvious, declares? The Church may not have reformed herself as autonomously and synodically as Church defence writers affirm; yet there is a strong historical case to be made out on that side. The supremacy was, as Mr. Pollard himself says, royal not parliamentary, and when he remarks that Elizabeth was more ecclesiastically-minded than her father in regarding Convocation as co-ordinate with Parliament, the Sovereign being, as of old, the high governor over both spheres, he surely forgets the explicit language of the Statute of Appeals. Nor is the Church's right of self-government merely theoretic. "The Book of Common Prayer", he says,

"is legally a schedule of an Act. It cannot be altered by Convocation, it can by the Houses of Parliament." A Professor of History ought not to mislead his class in this way. What happened in 1662? Convocation presented our present Prayer Book for the concurrence of Parliament, which adopted it without discussing a line of it, and even a verbal slip was only amended after an intimation from three bishops that they had authority from Convocation to alter it. Not a single word in any formulary of the Church of England has been put there by parliamentary vote. Nor, in spite of the encroachments of Parliament on the spiritual sphere since 1662, has it practically the power at this moment to force any doctrinal or ceremonial change on the Church of England against its will. What has just happened in the passage of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill illustrates this. An express exception is there made simply to avoid any infringement by Parliament on the private law and discipline of the Church. It is absurd to represent the Church as ignominiously Erastian. By the bye, Williams, Laud and Juxon seem to be overlooked in the statement that "since 1529 laymen have, with the exception of Mary's reign, always governed England".

#### PORT ROYAL.

"The Story of Port Royal." By Ethel Romanes. London: Murray. 1907. 15s. net.

THE blend of Catholicism and Evangelicalism is one that has fascinated a good many of the finer spirits of our time—John Henry Shorthouse for example. It is not peculiarly French, for you see it in the writings of the Tractarians, and the first half of the eighteenth century exhibited the combination in many of the Jacobite nonjurors, such as Law of the "Serious Call", and in the early Oxford Methodism. The mediæval Dominicans, the Jansenists of Holland, the mystics and pietists of the romanticist revival in Germany, were in different ways examples of it. And the alliance of a high-bred, somewhat austere seriousness—there cannot be high breeding without seriousness—with the rich and stately tradition of historic Catholicism appeals to thoughtful minds. But the combination has an aristocratic flavour. And it was amid the environment of cultured abbés and nobles of the ancien régime that it had its peculiarly gracious and intellectual charm for the author of "John Inglesant" and "Sir Percivale".

It may sometimes have puzzled us to explain two opposed aspects of Catholicism. From our point of view it encourages an innocent and joyous view of life, consecrating harmless pleasure and the light-hearted enjoyment of God's fair world. We see it the patron of art and letters. We see it defending the maypole and the dance against the sour precisians who, even when they tried to put down bear-baiting, did so, Macaulay avers, not because it gave the bear pain but only because it gave the spectators pleasure. We see it in the Middle Ages teaching men to unite sacred and secular in what seems to us an extraordinary and indistinguishable unity—its very saints, though hard on themselves, were full of jest and tolerant allowance. The ordinary Christian, performing his Church duties and going about his lawful avocations, was safe within the fold, without the necessity for any Bunyan-like heart-searchings and inward agonies.

But then there is another and quite as prominent a point of view, from which Catholicism has been ascetic, grave, mortified, rigorous, withdrawn from the world, crying to sinners to flee from the wrath to come, to cast their vanities into the bonfire, to repent and do the first works. The body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, destined for a resurrection glory; yet if a martyr's body was found after death covered with lice this was a mark of his having lived very near to God. The idea was not a Manichean disparagement of matter, for God made everything in His world "very good", but simply that of self-crucifixion and punishment of what sin has defiled. It cannot be denied that the standpoint, in principle if not in detail—which it is easy to ridicule (Cowper the soul-shaken derided

stout Samuel Johnson's fastings and penances)—is that of the New Testament. Every religious revival has felt the dread of contamination by the world and the flesh, and to the disciple of Pusey balls and theatre-going were as objectionable as to the Clapham Evangelical.

The two attitudes of mind correspond, of course, to the thought of human life and human nature as the Creator intended them to be and as the Redeemer recreated them on the one hand, and on the other to the thought of that life and that nature as they actually are. Sometimes it is the Incarnation, sometimes the Cross, which is most in the Church's mind. Further, there have always existed two theological tendencies or schools, one that of S. Augustine and S. Thomas, teaching a lofty and severe doctrine of the destiny of mankind, of sin and of grace; the other inclined to Arminianism and even to Pelagianism. The latter was the Jesuit tendency, and the Augustinianism of the Port Royalists brought about the years of conflict and suffering which Mrs. Romanes recalls in these rather too crowded pages. We cannot hear too much about Pascal and Racine and S. Cyran and Arnauld and the Mère Angélique. It is an engrossing incident in the history of the Church of France, and Mrs. Romanes has dealt with it sympathetically, if occasionally her observations are rather English and conventional.

#### NOVELS.

"The Story of Anna Beames." By C. A. Dawson Scott. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

The author of this novel has so much of skill in the sketching of character, in the rendering of conversation and in literary expression, that on reading his work we cannot help regretting that he did not choose a more cheerful theme. We are more than a little tired of the various kinds of "problem" fiction on which this is something of a fresh variant. Mr. Scott takes as the central characters of his story a woman well in her fourth decade and her three brothers, the one a clergyman, the other two doctors. Brought up in a certain repressive manner, each develops on certain lines a kind of hard selfishness. The woman is the central figure, and it is her story with which we are nominally concerned, but her character is illustrated by those of her brothers. She has had her ordinary human affections so repressed that in the natural reaction she allows herself to enter into a liaison with a social inferior. "Her man", on a certain scandal becoming known to the brothers, is forced to marry her, and so she goes on her way to the tragic close: the revelation of her position as it affects the brothers—the way in which they receive it and incidentally reveal the manner in which their lives have gone—is managed with some subtlety, but on the whole it is one of those depressing books which make us wonder why novelists will so often harp on the sordidness of things. There is something of joy in life; and those story-writers are the most pleasing to their readers, and wiser for themselves too, who remember the fact instead of joining with the pessimists who will not recognise it.

"The Wisdom of the Serpent." By Constantine Ralli. London: Francis Griffiths. 6s.

In a portentous sub-title the author indicates that his story deals with a romance of the English peerage and with incidents of the Franco-Prussian war. It is a story in which "the thunder clouds of battle stain the azure of heaven", in which a Lady Flora flees for the door "laughing like a moenad"—it may be a *mænad*, or it may be a *monad*, "you pays your money and you takes your choice"; a story in which we have such paragraphs as this: "But as a blossom fair and sweet will raise its fragrant chastity from a bed of foulness, so did the upper chamber of the charnel house of Mont S. Quentin bloom amidst horrors under diluvian skies." It is a story of the wildest sensationalism set forth in a style that may be euphemistically described as high falutin'. In a "prologue" we are shown the French in Metz at the time when the German conqueror was nearing his crowning victory, when, to use the author's words, which it were a shame to paraphrase, "Germania,

like a huge anaconda, from whose scales of steel protruded three hundred thousand eyes, gazed in the calm of expectation upon her prey, withering hourly in a durance vile of famine, filth and disease". The story then shows us all that the second son of the Earl of Roehampton went through before he became a general in the army of the third Napoleon, and how he won through ill report and ill-doing (all owing to the wickedness and wiles of "the serpent") and wrested Truth from the grasp of Pain. It is all "Prodeegious!"

"The Vigil." By Harold Begbie. London: Holder and Stoughton. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Begbie is ambitious, but does not convince us of his ability to teach a philosophy of life through the medium of fiction. In the first place, he does not make his central figure intelligible. Richard Rodwell, full of that Oxford culture which is such a mysterious thing in the eyes of the average novelist, has taken Orders, but for a time given up clerical duty in dissatisfaction at the position of the Church. He went in for philanthropic work in the Borough in alliance with Beatrice Haly, a young woman of great wealth, who was deeply (but unaccountably) in love with him. It is quite clear that the pair will marry, but Mr. Begbie has to spin out his story by vowing Richard to celibacy. He reconsiders his position, and takes up parish work at a western seaside town peopled chiefly by the offscourings of humanity. Beatrice follows him thither (quite in the manner of "Man and Superman"), and much space is devoted to description of eccentrics, amiable and unamiable, who constitute the local society. At last a series of disasters compels everybody whom Mr. Begbie does not kill off to make up his or her mind quickly about everything in this world and the next, and we leave Richard an affianced lover and no longer a prig. It is all very painstaking and unconvincing.

"Colonel Dameron." By Percy White. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1907. 6s.

Why is Mr. White so fond of telling a story from the point of view of a poor relation or a hanger-on to rich and fashionable people? The device has obvious advantages, but its repetition becomes wearisome. In the present story one Tony Derrick, an orphan dependent on his maternal uncle, Colonel Dameron, is the principal figure, and not a very interesting one. The book has many merits: the author, for instance, describes excellently the boys and masters at a private school. Colonel Dameron himself will be remembered by the reader, for he is a selfish, pompous soldier of good family ruthlessly dissected. His wife is a charming woman who, in her determination to justify to herself her affectionate belief in her husband, insists on forcing him into positions with which he cannot cope. He fails dismally in high command in the field (though as good a man as his neighbour in subordinate duty), and is then reluctantly spurred into politics. The author's powers of satire are so cruelly exercised upon this unhappy man that the book makes us feel uncomfortable. It lacks conciseness and vigour, and somehow or other never becomes the really good novel into which we are continually expecting it to develop.

"Dan—and Another." By L. G. Moberly. London: Ward, Lock. 1907. 6s.

The author of this book is less successful with the grande passion—of a perfectly virtuous character—which nearly wrecks the life of the supposed narrator, than with the oddities and bickerings of the minor characters. The story is a chapter from the autobiography of Mrs. Burnett, wife of an officer in the Guards and relative of a number of very trying people whose characters Miss Moberly sketches with considerable skill. Major Dan Burnett possesses every solid virtue but no humour and no imagination, and spoils his pretty wife until she is thoroughly bored. Fortunately the other man, a living amalgam of heroic and fascinating qualities, is even more virtuous. We confess that we follow with greater interest the matrimonial fortunes of her invertebrate brother Bob, who marries a pretty shop-girl and fails to make her a presentable *châtelaine* of a country house. Miss Moberly has insight and humour, but is a little prolix.



She ought to be more careful about minor points. Thus Major Burnett is on one page a good judge of pictures, while on another he cares only for sporting prints; and we hear a good deal about "mango swamps" in Africa where presumably mangroves are meant.

"Of Like Passions." By Francis Bancroft. London: Sisley. 1907. 6s.

We agree with the publishers that the grave problem with which this book deals is of a delicate nature, but we are not at all so sure as they declare themselves that "the author handles it with discriminating power". His (or, should we say, her?) thesis is that illicit relations between Europeans and Kafir women in South Africa are the cause of an increasing number of outrages by blacks upon white women. We do not believe this to be a fact, but the question cannot be argued here. The author in order to accumulate horrors has stretched coincidence very far, and involved his principal characters with coloured people who (most unexpectedly) turn out to be their own unacknowledged and unrecognised relatives. Now this feature of the case is certainly not typical of the real state of things, and Mr. Bancroft dwells so vividly on a ghastly and revolting outrage that his book did not need the additional horror of unconscious incest. His Kafirs do not strike us as life-like, and the whole book will give a very false impression of the tone of colonial society to home readers. We believe the author to be in earnest, but the story is extremely unpleasant and is not improved by passages of gushing emotionalism.

"The Bay of Lilacs: a Romance from Finland." By Paul Waineman. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

There is a pleasant air about this book, though its "romance" is of a type somewhat outworn among our novelists. The scene is laid in a country house in Finland, where two ladies, the last of their race, preserve in dignity a family secret which the reader soon guesses. Such dramatic interest as there is comes from an English visitor to the neighbourhood. Very little happens, but in Hildur, adopted daughter of the house of Syrenvik, we are given a charming example of Finnish girlhood.

"A Sentimental Season." By Thomas Cobb. London: Werner Laurie. 1907. 6s.

This is a clever study of character, marked by keen insight. Luke Elder, crippled in boyhood, grows up in the same house as the fascinating Kitty Trueman, and does not discover that his regard for her is more than brotherly, until the young lady has begun to have sentimental experiences of her own. Luke and his father, a pair of recluses, are the best realised characters in

(Continued on page 276.)

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the book; but Kitty, impulsive, pleasure-loving and kind-hearted, if shallow, is a successful portrait of a real type of girl. The old question of choice between an attractive woman of whom one cannot quite approve and a sterling woman-friend whom one does not happen to love gives Luke a good deal of occupation. The minor characters are alive, though the wicked Dan is almost unnaturally worthless. Mr. Cobb writes with his customary facility, and the book is more entertaining than some of its predecessors.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Contemporary France." Vol. III. By Gabriel Hanotaux. London: Constable. 1907. 15s. net.

In his third volume M. Hanotaux deals with the years 1874-77, when the fate of the Republic was trembling in the balance. As the history of the time becomes better known it becomes clearer how greatly a matter of chance it was that the form assumed by the Constitution was that of a Parliamentary Republic. It is true that this was due quite as much to the lack of suppleness on the part of its adversaries as to the ability of its friends. The world at large is now learning at last that Gambetta was for France by far the most valuable political asset she possessed, and had Marshal MacMahon been less unbending he might have made use of him to inaugurate a stable and constructive administration, thus starting the new order of things on a widely different basis from that on which it was ultimately founded. We now know that this great man might, if allowed, have encouraged better relations with Germany and brought about a separation between Church and State on terms honourable to both. "Dis aliter visum est," but M. Hanotaux does not manage to explain very clearly to us why it was so. He delights to lead us through mazes of parliamentary intrigue and to weary us with the discourses of long-forgotten politicians. All these minutiae of the doings of the Tadpoles and Tapers of thirty years ago are very tiresome reading, and M. Hanotaux makes his readers wonder at last whether his real object be not to make a long rather than a strong work. His history of the Third Republic bids fair to rival in tenuity as in length M. Ollivier's story of the Second Empire. When he philosophises, as he does in Chapter V. at length, he is far from convincing, and the tale of later years has not unfortunately revealed to us those qualities of "abnegation, conciliation and persevering optimism" for which he hopes. This work rather tends to diminish in interest as it advances; let us hope however that subsequent volumes may help to revive the great reputation as an historian that the author obtained in earlier years.

"Papers of a Pariah." By R. H. Benson. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 8s. net.

Mr. Benson seems to enjoy the practice of supposing himself to be someone else, and trying to picture his thoughts and sensations. The person whose story is told us in these papers is represented as an Anglican layman who keeps a diary during the period that he is drawing near to the Church of Rome, and records his impressions in it. Of course he has conversations with a foolish Anglican curate and a wise Roman Catholic priest; and he contrasts the services in the Church of England with those in the Church of Rome, very much to the advantage of the latter. The curate makes just the right kind of remark to be triumphantly answered in six pages of rhetoric; and in the description of the services there is also a good deal of word-painting. The word-painting is hindered from becoming fine by a slight tinge of vulgarity; it is somewhat like Canon Scott Holland, only not so good. The reader will note that in the early part of the book emphasis is laid on the unchangeableness of the teaching in the Roman Church, while later this argument is dropped in favour of development. Perhaps the best of us may use different arguments when we are writing separate essays; but when we collect our articles into a book it is wise not to include those which are contradictory to each other.

"Vital Values." By Henry Scott Holland. London: Wells Gardner. 1906. 3s. 6d.

The reader who begins this volume will be enthralled by it; he will read on and on. But gradually he will find himself skipping a paragraph or two, and then whole pages; he will be looking ahead to see when this or that sermon is going to end; and at last he will try whether it will not do if he reads one out of every three. And the reason is this: the first two sermons are mainly evidential, and here Canon Scott Holland is at his best; he has few superiors in tracing the connexion between the intellectual and the emotional sides of our religion, and in showing how impossible it is to retain all the beauty of Christianity if you surrender its historical truth (he calls it its "concrete actuality"). But the other sermons are mainly on moral and social subjects; and here a little of Canon Scott Holland goes a long way. He is very fervent and poetic, with

occasional lapses into slang; and it is the fervency that wearies us. He is fortissimo and prestissimo throughout; always at the same level of breathless enthusiasm and excitement, whatever the subject may be. No doubt the ladies said "How wonderful!" to each other, as they came out of S. Paul's; and it is wonderful—but it is rather tiring.

"The Substance of Faith: a Catechism for Parents and Teachers." By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen. 1907. 2s. net.

Books sometimes surprise their authors by meeting with success in an unexpected direction; and we are inclined to think that Sir Oliver Lodge's Catechism will be read more for what it tells us about science than for what it tells us about religion. We have rarely seen a simpler or clearer account of what science can teach us now on such fundamental problems as the formation of the earth and the development of life; it will be a real boon to the religious teacher; though, simple as it is, we doubt whether he could make it intelligible to children. When however we get to the distinctly theological clauses of the Catechism we find ourselves in the region of religious generalities; they are so carefully worded that they are quite unexceptionable, and for that very reason unlikely to impress any vivid ideas on children's minds. There is nothing in these questions and answers which an orthodox Christian could not loyally accept; but he would feel there was some thing lacking. We may take the form of the second part of the Creed as an illustration of the attitude adopted in the Catechism: "I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world." A High Churchman could subscribe to this, but so could a Unitarian; it asserts that Christ has been worshipped, but does not say the worship was right. Still we must thank Sir Oliver Lodge for the great religious earnestness which he shows throughout his book.

"A Child's Life of Christ." By M. Dearmer. With eight Illustrations in Colour by E. F. Brickdale. London: Methuen. 1906. 6s.

We do not believe that the Gospel story needs re-writing to be intelligible to children. If we may judge by the remembrance of our own early days, the evangelists—especially S. Matthew—were as clear and vivid in their narrative as any writers could be, and all that we needed was the explanation of certain individual sentences, such as the statement that our Lord perceived "that virtue had gone out of him," which formed one of our earliest moral difficulties in the Bible, as it conveyed to us the impression that He had for the time lost all His goodness. We would not wish the Gospel story to be told otherwise than it is in the Gospels; if it is to be adapted it is no doubt for the sake of the teachers rather than of the taught; for teachers should be able to arrange the events in good order, and trace the rise and then the wane in our Lord's popularity, even when they are talking to children. And Mrs. Dearmer's adaptation is a very good piece of work; she writes with simplicity and reserve and keeps close to the actual language of the Bible, except where she has to explain some custom or press home some lesson; and she has refrained from preaching too much. We think the early chapters are the best, but the level is high throughout; we cannot give as much praise to the illustrations.

"The Arran Islands." By J. M. Synge. With Drawings by Jack B. Yeats. Dublin: Maunsell. London: Elkin Mathews. 1907. 5s. net.

From the high cliffs of Clare or the flat shore of Galway Bay the three islands of Arran may be seen, low shadows on the surface of the open Atlantic. Though much nearer the ironbound Clare coast, they are reached from Galway none too comfortably, so that as yet the tourist has not spoiled them. Here Mr. Synge, fresh from the life of Paris studios, came to live among the primitive folk, half fishermen and half farmers, and having once come to know them returned again and again. The result is a fascinating book, far more interesting than any of his much-discussed plays except that one—"Riders to the Sea"—in which he catches the atmosphere of life on a windy rock-bound island whence the Atlantic takes toll of the finest and strongest men, leaving their women desolate. The Aran islands present attractive problems to the archaeologist—with their prehistoric forts—and the ethnologist, but Mr. Synge is concerned with the human interest of the living people, particularly those of Inishmaan, the most primitive of the group. Folk-lore, fragments of ballads, ghosts, fairies, diversify his pages. Here and there he says things hardly worth saying: things which an over-educated man with his mind running on problem-plays is almost sure to say when writing of a people free alike from self-consciousness, sexual immorality, and prudery. We do not like Mr. Jack Yeats' drawing of a "curagh": the canoe is made far too roomy in proportion to its rowers, but some of the other illustrations are excellent.

For this Week's Books see page 278.



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Mortal Men (Jessie Leckie Herbertson). Heinemann. 6s.  
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